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TWO DAYS.

BY D. J. ROBERTSON.

Somewhere in that strange land we call the Past,
Where each of us has laid his treasures by,
My heart has set one day whose light shall last
When all youth's golden years forgotten lie,
Ever across my life it shines afar,
As through a storm-tossed sky one glorious star.

One day struck sudden 'midst the whirling years
Into the perfect calm of Paradise;
One day when life, set free from doubts and fears,
Lay love-lit under shining summer skies,
When I my heart's mad hoping dared confess,
And found a heaven in my lady's "Yes."

The clouds roll back; the gentle wind that sighs
Low through the branches has her voice's tone;
Her eyes look in sweet answer to my eyes;
Once more I feel her hand within my own.
Let Fortune spoil my treasures as she will,
That one bright memory is with me still.

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV—(CONTINUED.)

THE faint echo of the dance music had died away, there was only the sound of the soft night wind stirring among the trees with a gentle rustle; and then, after a few moments, there came the noise of footsteps approaching, and distant voices, distant yet drawing nearer.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, and the voices, which were becoming more audible momentarily, Cecil started to her feet and looked wildly about her.

"Take me away somewhere," she said in a low hoarse, eager voice. "I cannot meet anyone yet. I cannot meet anyone yet!"

She began to move hastily towards the steps which led from the terrace into the garden; he followed mechanically, and they hurried on through Anne Danecourt's quaint old Dutch garden, over the lawn beyond into the gloom of the full-leaved trees of the avenue. There Cecil paused, and leaned breathless against one of the horse-chestnut trees, pressing her hands to her heart.

"How it beats," she said, with a sudden, swift, little bitter smile. "How it beats! If only ——"

Her voice died away; she had lifted her face up to the sky, where the stars were shining clear and silver bright, with a great longing upon it. She seemed to have forgotten his presence, as she stood there, a slight white figure, in the gloom.

"It will only be for a little while," she murmured to herself. "For such a little while, that surely I might be happy! Yet, because it is for so short a time is perhaps all the more reason why I should not give him the shame to bear. My darling! my darling! how can I give you up?"

Her head sank forward on her breast; she was silent for a moment. It seemed to her that the night had grown colder, or that her blood was turning to ice in her veins. Suddenly, with a quick movement born of desperation, she turned to him.

"Say all that again!" she said wildly. "Tell me of my shame, which will become his if I become his wife! Tell me that his love would not survive the truth! Tell me that he will hate and despise me as you do, but worse! Tell me that if he knew how false and cruel I had been he would despise himself that he had ever loved me! Tell me anything that will make it easier for me—that will force me to tell him all the truth!"

"My child! my poor, poor child!" he exclaimed involuntarily, touching her hand with his own. "I wish I could have spared you!"

"It is not my own suffering that I fear," she said piteously, "I am used to that, and last night I put away all thought of happiness for myself! It is for him! Oh! think, Mr. Arnold, think if you were in my place and Jessie was in his! If you had deceived her as I have deceived him, if you had to tell her what I have to tell him, of whose suffering would you think most, hers or your own! If I could spare him! If I could spare him!"

She flung out her arms with a passionate gesture of despair. She had forgotten her own suffering in his, in that of the man she loved, "not wisely, but too well."

"It is too late!" he said sorrowfully. "He cannot but suffer; the only thought for us should be how he will suffer least." she turned her haggard eyes upon him for a moment."

"Help me in that," she said faintly, "that is all I dare hope for now. Do you think," —a little eagerness stole into her manner— "that he must know it all? It will be such a shock to him; it will be so horrible! Is there no other way?"

He thought a moment.

"If you told him that you did not love him," he suggested.

She smiled a slow, faint smile which brightened her face for a moment, then died away.

"He would not believe me," she said in a low voice.

A long silence followed. Then Cecil raised herself from her leaning attitude and stood erect.

"He must know the truth," she said, in a low, firm voice; "he must know all the truth!"

"And who shall tell him?" asked the young barrister, in a low tone of pain; "who shall tell him?"

"I will," she answered hoarsely; "I will tell him! He will bear it best from me; and——"

"Cecil!—where are you? Cecil!"

Hugh's voice, calling her softly, broke in upon the sentence. The girl shivered as if she had received an electric shock, and caught at Montagu's arm for support.

"Hugh!" she murmured under breath.

"Cecil!—Cecil! Where are you hiding yourself?" repeated the gay, sweet tenor voice. And Cecil said huskily, in the same low breathless tone:

"Answer him—answer him!"

Montagu Arnold glanced at her anxiously, he could not see her face for the gloom cast by the heavy-foliaged trees.

"We are here, old fellow," he said, raising his voice; and then Hugh, guided by the sound, turning his head in their direction, caught sight of Cecil's white dress gleaming in the darkness, and came hurrying down the avenue.

"I thought you were lost, you little white witch," he said, in a merry grumbling voice. "Is that you, Monty? Are you keeping her company in this Cimmerian darkness?"

"We found it cool and refreshing here, after the heat and light of the ball-room," Mr. Arnold replied in an embarrassed fashion. "Are they still dancing, Hugh?"

"No, they seem to have tired at last. There is some talk of Sir Roger presently, I think," he answered laughingly, "that is if there is enough energy left to get through that very energetic performance. Cecil, one or two irate partners are looking for you," he continued, peering into the darkness to see her face, which was bent, and whose expression he could not distinguish.

"Are they?" she queried, in a low tone.

"They were, and Monty will have to look out for squalls when he shows his face in the house. Were you not well, dear?" he added tenderly. "How cold you are, Cecil?" he exclaimed as he touched it; "your hand is like ice."

"I am cold," she said, trying to speak lightly, yet failing to resume her usual manner entirely. "Shall we go in?"

"You have kept her out here too long, Arnold!" exclaimed Sir Hugh in rather a displeased tone. "Did you not notice how thinly clad she is?"

"It was my fault," Cecil said quickly. "It was my fault entirely, Hugh; it was so pleasant here, that I prevailed upon Mr. Arnold to stay. I hope I have not made him break any of his engagements."

She had recovered herself now. Montagu Arnold heard from her voice that she had regained the wonderful self-command which had so surprised him and excited so much astonishment in his mind.

He himself was less self-possessed; he could not so soon recover his self-command, besides, he was anxious as to her decision. She was going to tell Sir Hugh herself, she had said, and he wondered where and when the confession would be made, and how Sir Hugh would bear it.

"I hope you have not taken cold by your carelessness," Sir Hugh said, in a tender, chiding voice. "If she has, Monty, you'll be in my black books. Come back to the house now, Cecil, they want to hear you sing."

"Sing! To-night!" Cecil said, in a tone almost of horror, which startled Sir Hugh.

"Yes," he replied, looking at her in some surprise, as they came nearer the house and left the shadow of the great horse-chestnuts. "Why not to-night? You have not danced very much, dear, and——"

"Why not to-night?" she repeated after him, with a sudden little laugh. "Of course there is no reason why I should not sing to-night! I have not danced much, as you say, and—and I am not tired. I shall be glad to sing for you, Hugh."

"Shall you, dear? That is right. I want them to hear you and see what pupils the Belgian schools turn out. Monty has not heard you either. He has a treat in store."

They had reached the house now and were going up the broad stone steps; Cecil was between the two men, with her hand on Sir Hugh's arm.

As the light streaming from the wide open hall door fell upon Cecil, Montagu saw with amazement, that although she was very pale, her face was quite calm, it bore no trace of the violent agitation of so short a time ago.

The young barrister felt a strange sense of unreality upon him which he could not shake off. It seemed almost incredible that this woman—serene, calm and graceful—should be the same who had thrown herself upon the ground and laid her cheek against the balustrade with such passionate abandon.

In what mood would he find her next, he wondered, as he entered the lighted hall. Perhaps when they were alone again she would laugh at her promise of confession and brave out her deception to its bitter end.

He watched her, wondering more and more every moment, as she moved through Sir Hugh's guests with her lover, her hand lightly on his arm, his face aglow with pride and tenderness.

Almost mechanically he followed them closely, "like a shadow," as Miss Butler said aloud, with a little disagreeable laugh to her cavalier, who looked as if he did not wonder at any one following Cecil like her shadow, and wished very much to do so himself.

But Miss Butler was not the only one who noticed how intent his gaze was; Jessie Danecourt, already a little piqued that he had failed to appear to fulfil an engagement for a waltz, which she had kept for him from a host of eager aspirants, looked after him not a little wistfully.

She was glad—loyal little Jessie—that her future husband should be friends with her future sister-in-law, but it was not in human nature, especially in feminine human nature, that she should feel pleased at being neglected for Cecil.

Her wistful blue eyes followed the slender, white-robed figure, as Cecil moved over to the piano in the drawing room, whither most of the guests had followed her, and Anne Danecourt, who had been too much occupied with her duties as hostess to remark Cecil's absence from the ball room, or Mr. Arnold's apparent devotion, smiled to see how proudly Sir Hugh watched his fiancee, as she ran her fingers over the keys, hesitated for a moment or two, and then began to sing. The sad pathos of her song fell strangely on the gay groups around her.

The sweet sad notes died away in a silence which for a moment no one cared to break. Then Cecil rose from the piano, faltering a little and pale as her gown.

Both Sir Hugh Danecourt and Montagu Arnold were standing by the piano, and Constance Butler's keen eyes and sweet Jessie Danecourt's wistful glance saw what others saw also as they watched her, that the songstress looked not at her lover, whose blue eyes sought hers so eagerly, but at the young barrister, who was looking at her also, and whose face was hardly less pale than her own.

CHAPTER XVI.

There was a pretty little sitting room at Danecourt Hall, which was a very favorite resort of the ladies of the house.

It had always been so. Ladies in hoops and farthingales, or in the bunched up sacques and powdered head-dresses of a later generation; or in the short-waisted gowns and Grecian coiffures of the beginning of the century, or the wide, spreading skirts, chignons and coiffures of a later period still had gathered there to discuss the fashions and gossip over a dish of tea; while Anne and Jessie Danecourt, when alone, were almost always to be found there.

It was called the garden room, probably because of the glass doors which opened on to a pretty, old-fashioned garden, where all sorts of sweet, old-fashioned flowers were cultivated, or, rather, allowed to blossom at their own sweet will.

It was a small room with quaint, high, wooden mantel-piece, and panelled walls, with recesses on either side of the fireplace full of book-shelves; and the girls had collected there their favorite chairs, tables, ornaments and the cottage piano on which they had practised time and again their five-finger exercises in years gone by, and had hung the panelled walls with plates, brackets, fans, and peacock feathers, until they had made it a rather incongruous but very cosy, homelike and not inartistic apartment.

It was the afternoon after the garden-party and dance, and the Hall and its inmates appeared to be under the influence of that reaction which usually follows a season of unusual excitement.

The guests had departed after breakfast, and the household had resumed their usual avocations.

The weather had changed suddenly, the brilliant summer sunshine was nowhere visible in the grey, lowering sky; it had rained steadily since noon, and although the parched earth was greedily drinking in the moisture for which it had been athirst for days, Jessie Danecourt, who had been looking forward to a long ramble with her fiancee, was feeling just a trifle aggrieved and injured as she sat in the

garden room, listlessly holding a novel to which she gave the very scantiest of attention, while ever and again her wistful blue eyes glanced up from the open page before her to the glass doors through whose graceful draperies of Syrian curtains a glimpse of the rain-washed garden and the park beyond could be obtained.

The next best thing to a long walk with Montagu Arnold, would have been a long, quiet tete-a-tete with him in the garden room, Jessie thought—a pleasant, dreamy afternoon, spent partly with Browning, or Robert Buchanan, or Tennyson, or some other of their favorite poets.

She would have forgiven the rain entirely, if the weather had been compensated for by such amends as these; but she had the garden room to herself for over an hour, and Montagu had not put in an appearance, and even sweet-tempered Jessie was finding her patience somewhat sorely tried.

It was too bad, after a long separation of three whole months, that Monty should neglect her so.

The rain fell steadily, steadily, yet not heavily, but a soft fine rain, warm and pleasant, refreshing exceedingly the the parched, sun-baked earth. Jessie resumed her novel with a pout; it was a stupid story, she said to herself; but I fear the author, whose efforts the younger Miss Danecourt had to criticise, under the circumstances would receive no gentle handling just then; still she feigned intense interest in the pages before her when the door opened softly. She would sulk a little with the retardataire, she thought to herself, as she read on with a little angry color on her face, and very intent blue eyes.

The door opened slowly and softly, a head appeared in the opening and glanced into the room; then Jessie heard the rustle of skirts, and knew that the intruder was not the one she had expected and hoped to see, but a member of the opposite sex. She turned her pretty head languidly, and, glancing over her shoulder, saw her cousin.

"So all my elaborate caution was wasted," Miss Butler said, advancing into the room with a soft, little laugh. "I have been wanting to come in here for the last hour to fetch the second volume of 'Cometh up as a Flower,' and did not dare for fear of breaking in on a tete-a-tete."

"You are very considerate, my dear Constance," Jessie answered, with a cold smile. "But, you see, your consideration is quite unnecessary—I am quite alone."

"Ah, but it was most probable that you would have been enjoying a quiet time, Miss Butler said laughing, as she stood on tiptoe to reach the book she wanted from one of the higher shelves of the bookcase nearest the window, and Jessie made no answer, but her lip quivered ever so slightly as she bent again over her book.

Having selected the volume for which she had come, Constance Butler turned away from the shelves and walked slowly to the glass doors, where she stood for a moment looking out. She wore a loose tea gown of soft yellowish cashmere and silk, which suited her to perfection. Her hair was gathered up high upon her shapely head, thus adding to her height, which was already more than the usual stature of women. She looked superbly, regally handsome.

"Mr. Arnold has gone for a walk, I suppose?" she said, as she turned from the window and approached the little reading-table, near which Jessie sat.

"I really do not know," Jessie answered carelessly. "I have not seen him since luncheon."

She spoke with an admirable assumption of indifference, which, however, did not deceive her cousin's keen eyes.

"Since luncheon?" repeated Miss Butler, with a start of astonishment, which was admirably assumed also, and whose insincerity Jessie did not detect. "Has he been out ever since?"

"Out? I really do not know. Did he go out directly after luncheon?" asked Jessie, but without any unusual eagerness.

"Yes, he went out immediately, but I thought he had returned. He is, of course, not walking all this time," she added, with a sharp glance at Jessie.

"If so he will be very wet when he returns," Jessie returned carelessly. "For although it is not raining heavily, it is coming down pretty fast."

"Mr. Arnold seems weather-proof," Constance said, with a little laugh. "I walked with him this morning, to the Gate House, and——"

Jessie glanced up quickly, blushing deeply, and looked as if she were about to speak, then, apparently changing her intention, she bent her eyes upon her book.

"And it was raining when he came back, and he is out now again," resumed Miss Butler. "He must ascribe some special power to the rain," she added, with a little laugh.

"Perhaps he does," Jessie answered carelessly. "Shall we have some tea, Connie?"

"With pleasure. I'm longing for a cup," Miss Butler answered, stretching out her hand with an affected gesture, which was graceful, notwithstanding its affectation.

"Then ring for it, please."

Miss Butler complied, then sank gracefully into a low arm-chair, putting out her arms and clasping her hands behind her head in an indolent attitude.

The loose sleeves of her tea-gown fell back, showing her white, beautifully molded arms; she had closed her eyes, letting her long lashes rest upon her cheek. A beautiful, languid creature she looked, as she reclined on the dark velvet cushions, too indolent for mischief, too beautiful to be anything but good.

The cousins were silent until tea was brought in. Then Jessie put down her book and began to busy herself with the cups and saucers.

"Tell Miss Danecourt, Hurst," she said to the footman as he was preparing to leave the room, "and perhaps Sir Hugh and Mr. Arnold will join us."

The footman left the room, returning shortly.

"Miss Danecourt is in her room, ma'am," he said, "and wished not to be disturbed. Sir Hugh desired me to say he would come in a few minutes. Mr. Arnold went out just after luncheon and has not yet returned."

"Very well," Jessie answered quietly, but her cousin lifted her languid white lids and glanced at her, and her quick eyes saw that Jessie's lip quivered a little, and that she changed color perceptibly, growing very pale.

Hardly had the door closed upon the retreating figure of the servant, than Miss Butler sat up among her cushions.

"Jessie," she said abruptly, "are you going to put up with this?"

"To put up with what?" Jessie said, starting a little, and not looking up from the delicate crown Derby cups and saucers upon the old silver tray.

"With such open neglect and inattention?"

"Neglect, from whom?"

"From the man who is to be your husband. Forgive me, dear," she added, and rising, she went over to Jessie and knelt by her side. "If I loved you less, if I had not so great an interest in your happiness and welfare, I should be silent. As it is, I cannot look on calmly and see my dear little sister treated thus."

Jessie endeavored to draw her hand from her cousin's gentle, detaining clasp, but Constance held them fast.

"You are angry," she said, with a reproachful gentleness, so unlike her usual manner, that it was all the more impressive. "You should not be, Jessie. Surely you know—you must know—that I would not hurt you for the world, but I could not keep quiet when you are so cruelly neglected, and——"

"I really do not understand you," Jessie said calmly, but in a low voice, and with very little color in her sensitive face. "What is all this about, Connie? Who is neglecting me? Montagu? Because he does not come to afternoon tea?"

"Why do you affect to misunderstand me, Jessie?" replied the other girl sadly, her large eyes resting on her cousin's face with gravest sympathy and tenderness. "You know what I mean only too well. You among us all cannot have failed to see what was so very evident to our guests and our friends last night."

"And what was that?"

"Mr. Arnold's infatuation for Miss Lestrange," Constance answered boldly, and although Jessie still looked at her calmly, she felt the start and shiver which shook her slender frame.

"It would be impossible for Monty or anyone else not to admire Cecil," Jessie managed to say, although her heart was beating fast and her lips were pale and dry. "Of course I saw that he did so. Everyone admired her, and I am not mean enough to resent it, Connie, I assure you."

"Other people admired her, of course, she is handsome enough to command admiration," Constance replied coolly. "But Montagu's was not merely ordinary admiration. You must have seen how absorbed he was in her yesterday afternoon. I, for one, believed that they had met before—that an old acquaintance or friendship, or something closer still, was renewed between them yesterday, and that they were not the strangers they feigned to be."

"What grounds have you for such a belief?"

Jessie had succeeded in drawing her hand from her cousin's clasp, and had turned toward the tea tray, but her little fingers were shaking so terribly that she could not lift the tea-pot, and her emotion did not escape her cousin's keen scrutiny.

"What grounds?" Miss Butler repeated, standing stately and erect beside her cousin, her long, soft, yellowish drapery falling about her in loose, graceful folds. "Very good grounds, I think. Why do you endeavor to blind yourself, Jessie? If there were no previous acquaintance between your lover and Cecil Lestrange, would they—unless she were an arrant flirt and intriguante—have spent hours in each other's society? Would they have wandered off together, as they did last night? Would she have sung at him, as she did before your brother's friends? Would he have called her his poor, poor child, and wished he could have spared her some terrible unknown ordeal? Can you guess what that ordeal was? Probably the knowledge of his engagement to you!"

Jessie was only a woman after all, and she was not exempt from the weakness of her sex; moreover, she loved her cousin and had faith in her, and knew of no reason why Constance should deceive her. She had, too, been hurt and wounded by her fiance's conduct, and her heart was not quite unprepared for the seed of jealousy and distrust which Miss Butler was sowing with such a lavish hand. She dropped her trembling hands on to her lap, and let her eager eyes meet Constance's at last.

"How do you know that he did?" she asked faintly.

"Because I heard him," replied her cousin quietly, and not without a certain triumph in her manner.

"You heard him? Where? When?" Jessie Danecourt faltered, feeling a sudden chill faintness creeping over her.

"Last night, in the avenue," Constance replied calmly. "I was tired of the hot rooms, and went out for a breath of fresh air. Fortunately I was alone, otherwise their vileness would have become public property. They were together under the horse-chestnuts, and he was holding her hand, and—good gracious, child! are you going to faint?"

"No, no," Jessie murmured faintly. "The room is close. Open the window, please."

Her cousin obeyed. Jessie's intense pallor, and sudden drooping in her chair had startled her. She pushed open the glass doors with nervous haste, and going back to Jessie, offered her assistance to help her to the fresh air. But the girl, half fainting as she was, could not bear the touch of the woman who had uttered the cruel words which seemed to have ruined her life; she shrank away from her with a movement of unmistakable dislike, and supporting herself by the chair, rose slowly and tottered to the window.

Miss Butler watched her anxiously. This deep emotion in one who had always seemed of a somewhat shallow nature was not what she had anticipated. She had expected anger, tears perhaps, but not this still, silent suffering which looked at her out of Jessie's dim, blue eyes, and showed itself in her ashen cheeks and quivering lips. She had no idea that careless, volatile Jessie could suffer thus.

There was a short, intense silence in the pretty garden room; Jessie was leaning against the open door, looking out at the wet grass and drooping flowers with dim, unseeing eyes; the chill, damp air was dispersing her faintness; she was reviving to the full bitterness of her suffering. Constance was watching her with some pity and compunction; she had not meant to make Jessie suffer so cruelly. All her anger was against Cecil, and she was sorry that to inflict pain upon her, she must hurt her cousin.

Yet she had only told the truth, she thought, as she stood looking at the pale, pinched face which half an hour before had been so bright and fair; she ought not to have let Jessie remain in ignorance of the discovery she had made and of the words she had overheard; she must know that her lover was false, sooner or later; that she should know it sooner might spare her more suffering in the future, and it was not possible that she might give any other meaning to the words she had overheard from Montagu Arnold's lips, than that he was or had been Cecil's lover. She little guessed the terrible secret the young barrister shared with the tenant of the Gate House.

The silence grew and deepened in the little room; outside, the rain fell steadily, beating upon the grass, pattering down upon the full-leaved trees and summer flowers. Jessie, fully recovered now from the faintness which her great pain had caused, stood still in the open doorway; the falling rain and dreary-looking prospect seemed in harmony with her mood, but the damp, chill air made her shiver slightly as she stood; and Constance, approaching her gently, took her hand.

"Come, dear," she said gently, "come and have some tea. You will feel better for it, I am sure."

This time Jessie Danecourt did not shrink from her cousin, she let her take her hand and lead her gently back to her chair, and when Constance brought her some tea she drank it thirstily.

As she put down the cup upon the table near her, she turned to Miss Butler with a faint smile.

"I am afraid I was a little ungrateful to you, Constance," she said gently. "I feel sure that you only spoke in my interest, but the thought your words have suggested is so sorely unwelcome that I could not thank you for your affectionate concern. But," she went on hurriedly, "I think you have been mistaken, either in the words you overheard or in the speaker of them. I believe—I know," she said proudly, "that Monty is true and honorable, and incapable of the conduct you ascribe to him."

Miss Butler's eyes, full of mournful compassion, rested for a moment on her cousin's face before she replied.

"Do you think I would have spoken without the fullest certainty, Jessie?" she said reproachfully. "Do you think that your happiness is nothing to me? Do you suppose that I would make such an assertion unless I was certain of its truth? Last night, upon the terrace, from a distance, I saw them together, she was at his feet on her knees; and it was from the terrace, that being of course by no means safe from observation, that they went to the avenue. This morning——"

She paused, hesitatingly and looking anxiously at Miss Danecourt.

Jessie smiled faintly.

"You need not fear, Connie, I shall not faint again; I am quite calm now, and ready to hear anything you tell me."

"I think you will find that I am correct in my assertions," was the quiet, self-satisfied answer. "I know that the charge I bring against Miss Lestrange is too serious a one to be brought without proof. I found this in the grounds this morning, where, probably, Mr. Arnold had dropped or thrown it aside before he went to fulfill the request it proffers."

She slipped her slim, jeweled fingers into a graceful little pocket hanging at her side, and drew out a small crumpled note, somewhat soiled, as if it had been in contact with the ground.

Opening it with steady hands, she held it out to Jessie, who hesitated for a moment, then held out her little shaking hand to take it.

It was her left hand and as she stretched it out she caught sight of the engagement ring, a hoop of large pearls which Montagu Arnold had given her, with a childish impulse she drew her left hand and substituted for it her right hand, in which Miss Butler placed the note.

"It is her hand-writing, I think," Constance said quietly.

Jessie glanced down.

"Yes," she said, with equal calmness, and her cousin never guessed that for a moment there was such a mist before her eyes that she could not see the few pencilled words on the paper in her hand.

Only a few words, but they told Jessie much.

"Can you come to me this morning?" was the sentence, written in Cecil's delicate hand-writing, a little unsteadily, as Jessie saw, when the mist cleared away.

She handed the note back to her cousin in silence.

"That tells you where he was this morning," Constance said calmly, "and this afternoon he is there again."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, I saw him go into the house."

"Thank you, Connie," her cousin said, after a long pause. "I know that it is best that I should know the truth, but—but—" she smiled bitterly. "I hardly feel as grateful as I ought to do to you for the information.

"What else could I do?" Miss Butler exclaimed warmly. "What else could I do?

"Nothing, of course, but oh, Constance! —Hugh!—how will he bear it?"

All her own sorrow was forgotten instantly in her sympathy for her brother.

Constance Butler looked at her with surprise. Such unselfish affection astonished her.

"Poor Hugh!—poor Hugh!" exclaimed his sister, bursting into tears; he loves her so passionately, he believes in her so truly. How will he bear it?"

"She was never worthy of him," said the other girl coldly and proudly. "I knew her to be false the moment I saw her. Who are they, after all—these women whom you all received so warmly?" she continued passionately, giving vent at last to some of her long pent-up spite against poor, pretty Cecil, whose only crime against her had been that she had won the love of the man whom she—Constance—also loved, but hopelessly. "Who knows anything about them? The one, a widow whose husband lived and died in India!—India is a long way off!—the other, with her affected ways, her pretended invalidism, her outrageously-theatrical toilettes! What can they be? Most probably a couple of adventuresses, tempted here by the knowledge that the Squire of Danecourt is young, impressionable and wealthy, and that the girls in the neighborhood are true-hearted English girls, who would not stoop to the base devices by which Cecil Lestrange has so nearly obtained her end."

"Constance, are you mad?"

Sir Hugh's voice, stern and full of strongly-expressed passion, broke in upon her vehemently-spoken words; and both girls turned to see him standing in the doorway, pale as death, with eyes dark with passion flashing under his lowering brows. Absorbed in their subject, neither of them had noticed the sound of the opening door, and the squire coming tranquilly in for his afternoon cup of tea, had been the unseen auditor of Constance's passionate utterances. At sight of him Jessie sprang to her feet, trembling in every limb; but Miss Butler faced him, proud and flushed, and regally beautiful in her long yellow crown.

The young man closed the door and advanced into the room, very proud and stern.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said haughtily. "What wild words are those you were saying, Constance? And is it my sister Jessie who sits silently listening when my future wife is falsely traduced?"

Jessie could not answer for her sobs; she stood leaning helplessly against the table; Constance glanced at her with pitying scorn.

"It has given Jessie as much pain to hear as it does me to speak the words you overheard," she said proudly. "But you know well, Cousin Hugh, that I would not utter, she would not listen to, words which were not true, and which we could not substantiate."

"I did think you would not, indeed!" the squire said coldly. "But in this case, if you have not spoken falsely, you have spoken under the influence of some great mistake. I will stake my life on the falsehood of your words."

"And I mine on their truth!"

They faced each other proudly and defiantly, the young man erect, proud as any king, his blue eyes stern and steadfast, his lips firmly closed; the girl, drawn to her full height, beautiful exceedingly in the fierceness of her anger and jealousy, her flowing dress sweeping the ground about her feet. Between them, Jessie Danecourt's slight, drooping figure, as she stood with her face hidden in her hands, seemed to make the haughtiness and dignity of the other two all the more remarkable.

A moment's silence followed Miss Butler's passionate assertion. Sir Hugh was looking at her sternly and fixedly, but her eyes did not fall beneath his. He came a step nearer to her.

"Of what do you accuse my future wife?" he said coldly.

"Of deceit and treachery," she replied, without a minute's hesitation.

The blue eyes flashed as he heard the words.

"And I deny the charge," he said haughtily.

"Now make it in greater detail, and let me understand if I can. Jessie, "no wonder you are distressed," he added more gently. "Sit down, my child!"

She sank into her chair, sobbing heavily. Hugh rested his elbow on the mantel and stood waiting for his cousin to speak. Confronted now by his stern, grave glance, Constance felt some of her bourage oozing out of her finger tips. She hesitated a little, and Sir Hugh smiled slightly and ironically.

"I am waiting," he said quietly, and his tone and the slight satirical smile goaded Constance Butler into swift, intemperate speech.

"I accuse Miss Lestrange of deceiving you and us all!" she said passionately. "We knew nothing of her when she came here first, do we know anything more now? You believe her to be true, pure and good—I believe her to be false as falsehood itself. Her behavior before your guests yesterday, showed, at least, the very worst of taste. She flirted openly and desperately with Montagu Arnold, who followed her like a shadow, who never left her side, who has been with her all day, who is with her now!"

Sir Hugh laughed.

"Indeed! Perhaps you will be surprised, then, to hear that Cecil was so indisposed this morning that she could not even see me!" he said contemptuously.

"Of course she could not see you," Miss Butler said with a sneer. "Two lovers together, would be too much, even for so accomplished a coquette as Miss Lestrange. You were not received this morning, not because this immaculate young lady was too ill to see you, but because she was entertaining your sister's fiance, Mr. Montagu Arnold!"

"Constance, take care!" Sir Hugh exclaimed passionately, losing for a moment the proud composure of his manner. "You are saying what you cannot prove!"

"I am not," she said passionately. I am not! There is the note that gave him rendezvous," she added flinging it on the table, "and he, of course, could not refuse the request of the 'poor, poor child' he pitied so much."

Sir Hugh looked at her questioningly, then leaving his station by the mantel-piece he went to the table and took up the crumpled slip of paper.

He read it through calmly.

"It is Cecil's writing, or looks like it," he said coldly. "Was it written to you, Constance?"

"To me? No."

"To whom then?"

"To Montagu Arnold?"

"Then how—if the question is not a very impertinent one—did it come into your possession?"

"I found it in the grounds," she answered sullenly. Her part as accuser did not seem a very noble one when the light of Sir Hugh's searching eyes rested on her face.

"In the grounds! How did you know, since the note is not addressed, to whom it was sent?"

"I saw Mr. Arnold throw it away," she replied, flushing to the roots of her hair at the disdainful glance he cast at her.

"You saw him throw it away, and you picked it up and read it!" the young man said slowly. "How very honorable! I always heard that women's notions of honor were rather hazy, but I did not know how much so until now!"

There was no mistaking the contempt in his voice or the scorn in his blue eyes, they stung the girl to whom he spoke, increasing her anger and fury against the woman who was the cause of her shame.

"You will know even more by-and-by," she cried passionately. "When you know how little honor or truth Cecil Lestrange can boast of, when you know how she has betrayed you! Do you suppose, are you mad enough, infatuated enough to believe that she met Montagu Arnold yesterday for the first time? I would stake my life that they knew each other before, that they were friends, lovers, perhaps, in the past, and that last night and to-day they are renewing their old acquaintance, their old love affair! Have you ever mentioned his name to her? I know Jessie wished the engagement between her and him to be kept secret, but you may have mentioned his name, and—ah, I see you have! I see it in your face! You have spoken of him, and she has shown agitation, and you cannot deny it, Hugh!"

The shrill triumph in her voice made Jessie look up eagerly. Dashing away her tears, she saw that her brother's face had changed slightly, and that over its stern pride had come a look of uneasiness, slight perhaps, but still perceptible.

It was no wonder that it should be so. As his cousin's passionate words reached his ears, Sir Hugh remembered Cecil's swoon of the evening before,—the day on which Arnold had arrived at the Danecourts.

She had been apparently quite well up to that moment, and her faint had been sudden and alarming.

He recalled, too, her description of the young barrister, a description whose correctness had struck him at the time, and at which he had wondered.

Could it be after all that it had been a description made from personal knowledge, not one drawn from fancy? Could it be that she had deceived him? Could it be that there was some truth in Constance Butler's wild words?

For a moment his heart failed him; the next he threw up his head haughtily. Bah! it was impossible! His pure, beautiful Cecil!

Momentary as his doubt had been, it served to make his tone and manner gentler when he turned to his cousin. If he—who loved Cecil so wildly, so deeply, so truly—could doubt her for a moment, was it not almost natural and unavoidable that Constance, who knew little of her, should do so too, especially when the proofs were against Cecil, when some ridiculous train of circumstances had made her really appear guilty.

"Constance," he said gravely, "I cannot but think that you speak what you imagine to be the truth, and that you believe Cecil guilty of the treachery you accuse her of. Well, you know her but little, and I think you have never liked her, so I can only say that time will tell you the falsehood of your accusations."

"Time will tell you their truth," she said bitterly. "Hugh, think for a moment. What motive can I have but my affection for you and Jessie in this. Do you know so little of me as to imagine I could bring such a charge unfounded? I, your cousin, who have lived under your roof in unbroken intimacy and friendship for so many years, am surely more to be trusted than the woman whom you have known but a few short weeks and whose beauty has thrown a glamor over your senses? It is I who am true to you, and she who is false! I tell you Montagu Arnold is with her now; he was with her this morning when you were refused admittance! He is the man she loves, but he is poor and you are rich, and—"

"That is enough!" the squire said haughtily, turning from her with a gesture of contempt. "I have already heard too much, I will hear no more. The attention I have given to your wild words is an insult to the woman I love and honor above all the world.

"The woman who shamed you before your guests last night!" said Constance passionately, heedless of what she said in her anger, and jealousy, and hatred of Cecil, "The woman who let him make love to her under your roof; who let him hold her hands and call her his 'poor, poor child' so tenderly, and wished he could spare her! Ah, those words I overheard myself, so I cannot be mistaken. Confront her with them, and you will perhaps find out which of us is false and which is true!"

"I have said that this discussion must end," Sir Hugh said coldly and distinctly, although he had whitened to his lips. "Jessie, my child, give me a cup of tea, if you please."

Her voice and manner changed perceptibly and grew softer as he turned to his sister; but Jessie could not so quickly recover from her violent agitation.

She turned to the tea-tray and tried to pour out some tea for him, but her hands were powerless and trembling, and her eyes blind with tears. Sir Hugh turned from her with a gesture of passionate contempt.

"Is this your faith in Montagu Arnold?" he said angrily—"in the man you profess to love and trust? You have only to hear the least word of suspicion against him, and your belief in him dies! Jessie I am ashamed of such doubt."

"But, Hugh," faltered his sister, choking back her sobs; "Constance saw him going there this morning, and again this afternoon; and there is the note, and—and I don't know what to believe," she concluded, breaking into violent sobs, which were partly caused by her sorrow and partly or wholly perhaps by her jealous pain.

"If your love is no greater than your faith, I do not envy your lover," her brother said bitterly. "I am ashamed of you suspicions! If I had not known Arnold to be the true-hearted gentleman he is, I should never have consented to your engagement. But if at an unfounded accusation——"

He was interrupted by his cousin, who advanced impetuously towards him, her eyes flashing angrily.

"Why do you say unfounded?" she asked haughtily. "In so doing you bring against me an accusation I cannot suffer. Why should I seek to traduce either Jessie's lover or Miss Lestrange? Have you found me false in the past, that you should treat me as if I were so now? I tell you that it is you who are deceived, and not I!"

"We will not continue this discussion," replied Hugh, looking very pale and stern. "I have already insulted my future wife by permitting it at all."

He strode across the garden room, and pushing the glass doors wide open passed through them; the rain had ceased as he went out on to the terrace, the gardens were quiet and tranquil, but he could hear Jessie's hysterical sobs as he walked hurriedly away, leaving the cousins together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SALT-CELLAR.—The salt-cellar was highly prized by the ancient Romans. It held the salt which was sprinkled over the altar at a sacrifice, and that which was used at meals, and was regarded as an object of veneration in the family—so much so, that even persons of slender means were ambitious to possess one of silver.

THE BACHELORS' SCREEN.—The idea has lately suggested itself in England, that the Bachelors' screen might be revived in churches. We have bachelors' balls in our own day, and to this day, in some parishes, there is a field called "Bachelors' Acre," where the single men once held their games. In churches it was the custom for the sexes to occupy different parts of the church, and in later days a separate place was provided for the bachelors.

AN ANCIENT SPORT.—Wild asses, the favorite chase of the old Persians, who shot them from the saddle with arrows, are hunted by the moderns with relays of dogs. The only time to shoot them is when the young are at the mother's heel. So swift and timid are they, that it is impossible to get any but a chance shot at them in any circumstances. The young asses are often taken with grey hounds, while the mothers are shot from the saddle. The flesh of the young ass is said to be food for kings.

LONG-TAILS.—Kent is one of the many "gardens of England," and its natives are called Long-tails. The reason of the tails is that certain impious Kentish folk pelted St. Austin with fish-tails when he was preaching to them, and had these strange appendages joined to them by the angry saint. Another legend has it that certain Kentish people cut off the tails of St. Thomas of Canterbury's horses, and were punished in a similar way.

THE STRAWBERRY.—The strawberry is not named, as erroneously supposed, from the original custom of sending the berries to market strung on straws, but from the old English "streow-berie," or straying-berry, from "streowon," to stray, referring to the straying habits of the runners of the plant. Latimer, in one of his sermons, characterizes those clergymen who were disposed to spend their time away from their flocks, in pursuit of pleasure, as "strawberry parsons," or straying parsons.

PEOPLE WITH HORNS.—There is in the museum of the Hospital Saint Louis, Paris, a horn, which has been cut from the forehead of a woman at Hyeres. It measures about eight inches and a quarter in length, and is exactly like a ram's horn. This is by no means the first time that horned human beings have been heard of. A British nobleman, lately deceased, had a growth of that sort on his brow. There is an account of a gentleman, in Portugal, who had a horn on his forehead, like that of a unicorn in pictures.

AGES OF BIRDS.—The following table claims to be measurably correct as to the ages of the birds mentioned: The blackbird lives 12 years; blackcap, 15 years; canary, 24 years; crane, 24 years; crow, 100 years; eagle, 100 years; fowl, common, 10 years; goldfinch, 15 years; goose, 50 years; heron, 69 years; lark, 13 years; linnet, 23 years; nightingale, 18 years; parrot, 60 years; partridge, 15 years; peacock, 24 years; pelican, 50 years; pheasant, 15 years; pigeon, 20 years; raven 100 years; robin, 12 years; skylark, 30 years; sparrowhawk, 40 years; swan, 100 years; thrush, 10 years wren, 3 years.

CONCERNING FIRE-CRACKERS.—China claims the honor of their invention, and Canton, one of its largest cities, is said to produce the largest proportion of fire-crackers used in the world, the principal manufacturers contracting with the Chinese Government for the services of prison convicts, paying about three cents a day for each convict. The strong paper used is made of bamboo film, and as each cracker is filled with powder it is rolled and pasted by hand. Upwards of half a million of boxes of these little snappers were imported into the United States alone, a recent year, each containing forty packages, making the enormous number of twenty million packages of fire-crackers for young America to explode. The Chinese from an early period, have been noted for their skill in pyrotechnic works, one of their ancient weapons of defense being a rocket with a pointed barb affixed.

THEN AND NOW.

BY RIVA.

I hear the happy laughter of the brook,
  The whisper of the breeze,
Through this same glade my tired eyes may look
  At sunlight and at trees.
Yet what is it the springtime lacks to-day,
  Being rich in these?

I see the tarnished rocks half clothed in foam,
  The laughing waters' gift;
I hear the birds' songs from their leafy home,
  Through leafy silences drift.
On what strange wings have past and sad years flown
  In flight so swift?

Above the pulses of the beating air,
  That stirs the trembling leaves,
Across the clouds that make the sky more fair
  Than foam-waves make the seas:
I see another day that dawns above
  These self-same trees.

I see it dawn and brighten and grow deep,
  With joys I dare not tell;
I see it die in sorrow's deathless sleep,
  I hear the parting knell
That warns me Hope has done its best and worst,
  Since I have loved—too well.

Go back, my heart, to tired days and hours,
  This day is not for you!
Though this same spring once held these self-same flowers
  In sweeter scent and hue;
Earth is not heaven, and Love no life embowers
  With rose—and not with rue!

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"OUR mutual friend Mr. Leigh Eversleigh assured me that I should not be disappointed in you," she observed gently. "And, do you know, I feel already that he will prove a true prophet? He has been very good."

"Very good," murmured I.

"Pardon me," said Mrs. Eversleigh, in the same winning tone, "for asking a few of what may appear to you unnecessary and impertinent questions. You see, lately I have been really too ill to write to you, I have trusted solely to Mr. Leigh Eversleigh. He is going, or has already gone, on a trip to America, is he not?" she inquired somewhat abruptly.

"Yes."

"I think I understood him to say in one of his earlier letters that you have known better and brighter days, Mrs. Deane? Is that so?"

"My life, dear madam," I answered unsteadily, "has never been very bright. In my whole life, so far as it has gone, there has, alas, been much of shadow—terrible shadow — and little enough of sunshine!"

"Poor soul!" said Mrs. Eversleigh, her own fragile hand compassionately touching mine, and tears of sweet pity rising to her own worn eyes. "Having known much sorrow myself, I can give you real heartfelt sympathy. Indeed trouble in its worst and most afflictive form has been a frequent guest at Redknights. And you are a widow Mrs. Deane?" she added unexpectedly. "Mr. Eversleigh hinted as much, I believe that I understood from him that you had lost your husband?"

"Yes," I faltered, when I felt that I could speak with self-command. Ah me, was I not worse than widowed?

"And—forgive me—you have lost, too, your only child?"

"Yes," I cried desolately, "only a few months ago. The loss of her drove me mad, nearly killed me. Sometimes I wish that it had done so outright. I am wearing this," touching my black gown — "for her."

"Poor soul!" whispered Mrs. Eversleigh again, her weak voice broken and pathetic. "How I feel for you, how I feel for you! Doubtless you have heard that—that years ago a similar crushing loss fell to my own lot, Mrs. Deane?"

"Dear madam, I have heard so."

"And—and, although it all happened so many years ago," said Mrs. Eversleigh, "the old sorrow seems, even now, still now—it often 'wakes and cries.' I cannot bear even to speak of it."

"Ah, I can understand," I moaned, my head turned aside.

Mrs. Eversleigh pressed her handkerchief hastily to her eyes, and then said more calmly—

"It is very hard for you, Mrs. Deane, to be compelled to go out into the world to earn your living. Mr. Eversleigh has explained to me that you are a gentlewoman of high attainments."

"I have worked for my daily bread—for my own and for my child's—before I came to Redknights," I answered very low.

"Do you mean in a situation of this kind, Mrs. Deane?" the mistress of Redknights inquired gently.

"No," I replied, determined to speak the truth where I could; "I was driven to sing in public, in a theatre for a short while. But I hated the life and the work; they did not suit me; and I was thankful to hear of a shelter, a home, where I was likely to find quiet and peace. I wished to withdraw utterly from a noisy and selfish world."

"I do sincerely trust," said Mrs. Eversleigh, with a little fearful smile which to me was infinitely touching, "that you will not find Redknights too quiet, too peaceful. It has been the general cry here, I am sorry to say, since my old friend and companion Miss Strong went away. The silence, the unbroken calm, the dreary monotony of existence at Redknights are insupportable, I have over and over again been told. I do hope, Mrs. Deane"—with poorly-disguised anxiety, "that you will be braver than the rest?"

"You will see—time will show," was my confident reply. "Mrs. Eversleigh, had I not come to Redknights, I should have endeavored to enter a convent in London."

"I am glad that you changed your intention," returned she almost cheerfully. "By-the-bye, you must be unusually proficient in music, Mrs. Deane, since you have been able to sing in a public theatre. Will you sometimes sing to me and to my father? It will amuse and delight him, and do him good. He used to be very fond of music when I myself was able to sing to him long, long ago."

With a full and glad heart I assured Mrs. Eversleigh that anything it might be within my power to do I would do at any hour, and to the best of my gifts, to please either her or the Squire.

And then we drifted on to speaking of the duties of my post in this old home of Daryl Darkwood.

Daryl's home! How odd to me was the sound of it, when merely whispered under my breath!

I could not yet realise that I was in truth beneath the roof of my husband's grandfather, that I had in truth got to be the daily companion, in the fine old home from which Daryl himself was banished, of my husband's aunt, the old Squire's daughter!

As to the duties expected of me, these I already comprehended.

I could write legibly and well; I could read aloud distinctly: I could converse with tolerable sense for a woman about the older writers and the best of modern books.

I was qualified to arrange, with the aid of Mrs. Jessamy, a menu fit to tempt the capricious appetite of the childish old Squire.

In a sick-room I was a strong and capable nurse.

Had I not sat up night after night with my dead little one, meanwhile singing regularly every evening at Mr. Binkworthy's variety theatre?

Only on those occasions, however, when Mrs. Eversleigh might be weaker than usual and more than ordinarily nervous would she desire me, she said, to sleep upon a sofa-bed in her dressing-room, which opened out of the room we were then in.

The bed was always there, in readiness if required.

Generally speaking, I was free to occupy my own pleasant room, which had been prepared for me upon the second floor.

And, if I was fond of exercise, of taking long walks, there would be ample time for such recreation.

The country scenery was exceedingly beautiful round about Redknights and beyond Hazel.

There were several fine family seats in the neighborhood well worth going to see, Hazel Manor-house and Gaveston Priory amongst the number.

Lovely Hughenden itself too was but a few miles distant from Hazel village, said Mrs. Eversleigh.

"Speaking of your room reminds me of the circumstance," she broke off, in her quiet desultory talk with regard to how my leisure time at Redknights might be spent if I so willed, "that that room of yours upstairs, Mrs. Deane, used to be one of a suite once occupied by my unhappy nephew, but I believe the doors of communication are fastened up now. He was terribly wild," sighed Marion Eversleigh — "his wildness ruined him. Have you, I wonder, ever heard of Daryl Darkwood, my nephew, and the Squire's grandson and heir?"

Another unexpectedly direct question! I shrank back in my chair, well out of reach of the warm red radiance shed by the tall lamp near us, and somehow managed to say:

"Oh, yes; I have heard of him!"

"Even as quite a young man at college," continued Daryl's aunt Marion sadly, "he was irredeemably wild and extravagant—reckless, adventuresome, brave, though, I fear, utterly without principle. Yet there were times when my father and I could not help feeling proud of him, his faults and his follies notwithstanding—proud of his handsome looks, his brilliant manners, his many talents, his singular fascination—and we fondly hoped ere long he would grow steady, settle down, marry early perhaps; marriage with the right woman is so often the salvation of men like Daryl; for he was the real heir of Redknights, and my father at that time would have forgiven him almost anything. But—— Hark!"

Having listened intently for some seconds, Mrs. Eversleigh spoke again; though her weak voice was now so faint that I was forced to bend over the couch-head in order to catch what she was saying. She was very pale.

"The wind must have changed, Mrs. Deane, for I can hear the splash of the river. Some one has left open the end window of the corridor—may I ask you to go and fasten it?"

Glad to escape, to be alone, if only for a short while, I hastened out into the corridor, and found that Mrs. Eversleigh was not mistaken.

The long arched window at the farther end of it—which, with a stone balcony outside, touched the oak floor—was partly open.

But it was not until I had come to the open window, and had stepped out for a breath of fresh air upon the balcony, that I myself could hear the splash and roar of rushing water.

Yes—the wind had happily shifted to the soft south; there was a wan moon in the sky; the night was hushed and mild, though rainy-looking.

Recalling to memory the part which the river at Redknights had played in the tragedy of Marion Eversleigh's life, I returned to her room and found her sitting up.

But she said nothing more about the sound of the moaning water, nor did I; she merely thanked me for closing the corridor window, at the same time remarking that one of the women-servants was to blame for omitting to make it safe.

"It is my custom to take a little mulled wine at this hour," Mrs. Eversleigh said; "and then I go to bed. Good night, Mrs. Deane," once more offering me her fragile hand, which I covered impulsively with both my own. "Mrs. Jessamy will see that you have anything you may wish for. For creature-comforts, believe me, you could not be in better hands than hers. Kindly ring for my maid before you go; and I hope that you will sleep well on this the first night in your new home."

My new home! How sweet in my ears sounded those three brief words—how strangely sweet! My new home!

Then for the first time Mrs. Eversleigh noticed my short dark hair, a stray soft lock or two of it having escaped from beneath my cap.

"Did they cut off your hair, Mrs. Deane, when you were ill?" she inquired, with tender interest.

"Yes—in—in the illness which followed on the death of my child."

"Was the little one like you, Mrs. Deane, or like her father?"

"I have heard some people say," I answered dreamily, "that my darling was very like me, her mother. In reality, if there was in her a resemblance to either of us, she was like Dar—like her father."

"If the child resembled its mother, Mrs. Deane," Marion Eversleigh remarked, the frankest and sweetest smile in the world lighting up her weary white face, "she must, I am certain, have been a lovely little soul. Have you a portrait of any kind of your lost darling? If you have, you will perhaps"—wistfully—"show it to me to-morrow?"

I dropped upon my knees by the side of the couch.

"I have it here," I whispered, "the one dear portrait I possess. I will show it to you now. It is so like—ah, so like!" I said, a dry sob escaping from my lips.

With eager and trembling fingers I unfastened the jet locket, and held it by its black ribbon—well open—close up to the glowing lamp.

Together we bent—Marion Eversleigh and I—over the little picture. A sharp, stifled cry of agony all at once broke from her gray lips.

"My little Flower—Flower—my little Flower!" Mrs. Eversleigh gasped, and like a dead woman fell back on the cushions behind her.

CHAPTER XL.

It was not long ere I realized that in Daryl's old home I was a more truly happy woman than I had ever hitherto been, or indeed had ever thought to be.

I suppose the air of Buckinghamshire suited me marvellously well, for my health mended rapidly: my heart grew light; and one day I actually caught myself smiling at the recollection of my whilom inclination for the joyless asceticism of a cloistered existence.

Life within narrow nunnery walls might be all very well—at least, for those who were really fitted for it; but surely a life of freedom in the beautiful green country, with summer coming on, and with fresh air and sunshine and the song of birds everywhere around one, was a thousand times preferable after all!

The solemn unbroken calm of Redknights, I thought, was as soothing, as healing to a weary body and soul as was the delightful, health-giving Buckinghamshire air itself.

I heard often from Lady Tracy, who was now abroad with her husband—Frank, blithe letters they were, exactly like Aurora herself.

They were always welcome—always did me good.

She enjoyed life keenly, and made the very best of it.

"We are now," wrote she from some mountain inn in the region of the Pyrenees, "on our real lune de miel—there!—what do you think of that, my dear Flower, for a beginner in the French tongue? and Loftus says that we are having 'a high old time' of it; and I believe that we positively are! I know that I am enjoying myself prodigiously, and my dear infatuated boy seems as happy as the day is long. What do you think? Loftus has just been talking of going still farther south. He says that now we are here he wants to see Madrid and Seville and Granada, and lots of other wonderful places that I've never even heard of. So you see, at present, how uncertain it is when next we shall look upon the white cliffs of Dover. You seem, dear Flower, happy and contented at Redknights—well, thank Heaven for that! It is what I call thorough good news. Go on; be brave—and prosper!"

But no letter addressed to "Mrs. Deane," had as yet arrived at Redknights from Boston, or indeed from anywhere else in the States.

Nevertheless, I knew that Leigh Eversleigh had not forgotten me, or the promise he had given me before he went away. That promise of his, should he live to return, would be faithfully kept—of that I had no fear. Therefore night and morning I prayed for his safe return.

And every day that dawned and ended seemed at its close to have drawn me and Mrs. Eversleigh more nearly to each other.

I had got to love her more dearly than pen can describe; and it was not difficult to perceive that her affection for me was as spontaneous, as strong, as was my own for her.

She kissed me at our greeting in the morning, kissed me when we parted at night—never now omitted to do so—and on one occasion, when we were separating at a somewhat later hour than usual, she broke into a fit of weeping upon my shoulder. I held her close to my bosom then, my own tears falling upon her silver-white hair.

"I wonder how it is, Mrs. Deane, that I have grown to care for you so dearly—so dearly in so short a while. I wonder how it is!" she sobbed. "It must be the ghostly hands of the little dead children that draw and hold our souls together. The little child of whom you were so lately bereft was so like—must in life have been so very like the sweet little one whom—whom I lost in such a cruel fashion more than twenty years ago! It is that—it must be that," she wept almost wildly. "I love you for your child's sake—she was so like my own!"

And on that night, I remember, Mrs. Eversleigh's acute nervousness was intensified to such a degree that I lay down upon the sofa-bed that was placed in her dressing room, with the door of communication ajar; keeping awake the whole night long in case my poor, dear invalid, needing me, should call me.

But never again, after that first evening of my arrival at Redknights, when Marion Eversleigh had swooned on beholding the contents of my jet locket, had she asked to be allowed to see the treasured little portrait of my darling; though oftentimes I noticed that her worn and wistful eyes were fixed, with a pathetic, yearning look, upon the smooth black locket on my bosom.

Whatever she may have been with those difficult and dissatisfied young women who had filled the post of attendant-companion before me, with me at any rate Mrs. Eversleigh was never impatient or querulous, never hard to please.

On the contrary, with me she was always winning and sweet, and grateful for the slightest service.

One perfect morning in early June, when the birds, young and old, seemed delirious with joy, and when the air was deliciously balmy with sunshine and roses, I persuaded Mrs. Eversleigh to quit for an hour or so the great cool shadowy house, and to accompany me on a drive in an open carriage.

The light crept into her eyes, a faint color stole into her cheeks, the unwonted change from luxurious silent shadow to dancing joyous outdoor summer life and light was, I am certain, decidedly beneficial to the invalid.

Mrs. Jessamy the housekeeper was amazed at my success, and so too was Doctor Wynter, the village surgeon—"Doctor," I fancy, merely by courtesy—whose custom it was, and had been for many past years, to drive over from Hazel in his gig twice every week, to visit old Squire Darkwood and his daughter Marion.

"That new companion, it strikes me, is about the most sensible person I've met here for a very long while—in fact, she's the right woman in the right place, it seems to me," said the Doctor to Mrs. Jessamy; "and I only hope that you'll be able to keep her. Don't, if you can help it, let her run away like the rest of 'em."

"I hope not," said the little old dame. "I'm sure I hope with all my heart that that won't happen, Doctor. She suits the dear mistress as no one else ever suited her before—no, not even Miss Strong."

"Pooh," said the surgeon heartily—"don't name 'em, Jessamy, in the same breath! This Mrs. Deane is miles beyond Miss Strong—beyond her in every way."

This came to my ears afterwards—and pleased me mightily, of course.

We know that it is simply the first step in any new undertaking that is difficult; and this first drive on a bright spring morning, was the forerunner of many others like it; and by-and-by gentle walks in the well-kept, but utterly deserted, gardens followed.

These, I think, Mrs. Eversleigh enjoyed, if possible, even more than the carriage-drives.

Sometimes we would wander, the invalid leaning upon my arm, into the shady, forsaken pleasance that lay beneath the terrace wall.

Here wild-roses climbed about the base of the sun-dial, and sweet, old-world flowers of all kinds bloomed abundantly in the mossy borders.

One might have imagined the sweetbriar hedge had for ages gone untrimmed; the musk-plant, scenting the air around, clustered over and drooped from the ancient stone vases. The gardeners seemed to have forgotten the quaint old spot—for some reason to have passed it by; a pert robin, as though monarch of all he surveyed, was usually to be caught piping upon the gray-green face of the sun-dial.

But never by any accident did we stray in the direction of the river; that division of the grounds which led down to its broken banks was cypress-shadowed and sombre in the extreme.

It was shunned with an aversion unutterable by Marion Eversleigh.

If perchance the sullen roar of the dangerous stream smote the sensitive ear of the mistress of Redknights, a pained, drawn expression would pass over her white face, the light hand upon my arm would begin to shake, the thin fingers would insensibly close on my flesh, Mrs. Eversleigh whispering plaintively—"Take me in—I cannot bear it."

And we would leave the sunny grounds forthwith, and enter the cool and shadowy house.

All the same, it was Doctor Wynter's opinion that he could hardly recollect the time when he had last seen so many a hopeful sign in the old Squire's daughter as he could happily detect during this present summer.

Mrs. Deane was an admirable and an invaluable nurse, he told Mrs. Jessamy; and Mrs. Jessamy immediately told me.

With regard to the old Squire himself, I had as yet seen nothing of him; and I had now been at Redknights nearly three weeks.

Daryl's grandfather, as it happened, was a prisoner in his own suite of rooms, which were upon the south side of the house; but his daughter Marion visited him and sat a while with him daily.

The Squire, I learned from Mrs. Eversleigh, had caught cold in the spring, a few days before my arrival, having imprudently and obstinately gone out in his chair one day when the east wind was blowing pitilessly.

An attack of bronchitis was the result of the old gentleman's folly.

And now, in mid-June, with a hot sun scorching the southern wall of Redknights, he would insist upon the burning of big fires throughout his apartments, at night as well as by day; so that his faithful gray-haired valet, whose name was Buckle, was just now experiencing a somewhat uneasy time.

Even at the best of times, I discovered by-and-by, poor Buckle's bed, in the service of his tyrannical old master, was by no means a bed of roses; but, like that of Mrs. Jessamy herself, the greater part of the valet's life had been passed beneath the roof of Redknights—and Buckle, moreover, had reason to suppose that he was "down" for a legacy in the master's will.

I was passing Mrs. Jessamy's parlor one afternoon towards five o'clock, carrying a sunshade and a book from the library, on my way to a garden door which opened upon the terrace near the pleasance, when the housekeeper, hearing me, looked out into the passage and invited me into her room for a cup of tea.

I was really very fond of the little old dame, and I assented gladly.

"Is the mistress lying down, ma'am?" inquired Mrs. Jessamy, in her prim, nice-mannered old way.

No, I explained to her; Mrs. Eversleigh was then sitting with the Squire upstairs, and I believed that she was drinking tea with him tete-a-tete.

I myself, having nothing else to do, had intended to go and sit with my book in the garden, and there read until dinner-time.

It was now an established rule for me to dine, indeed to take every meal, in company with Mrs. Eversleigh; and good old Mrs. Jessamy never wearied of expressing her amazement and her delight at the wonderful improvement in the health of "the dear mistress" which my coming to the old house had in some mysterious fashion effected.

It was an amendment, said the dame, that she had never dreamed she would live to see.

The housekeeper's parlor was a cosy room with pots of mignonnette and geranium in the open window.

And a fluffy gray kitten lay this afternoon curled up asleep upon the red cushion which covered the low wide window-seat.

I sat down idly by the sleeping kitten, and, with my back to the light, rested my elbow upon the window-ledge, white clematis and yellow jasmine nodding sweetly meanwhile.

It was rarely that Mrs. Jessamy invited any of the Redknights household—the domestic members of which were all of them more or less well on in middle age—to her snug parlor, unless it might be Millward, Mrs. Eversleigh's own maid, or perhaps occasionally the much-enduring Buckle, when the troublesome old Squire was, happily for everybody, dozing in his huge arm-chair.

Mrs. Jessamy was a proud little old dame in her way, and I told her with a smile that I felt quite honored.

"Tut, tut, ma'am," cried she softly—"quite the other way, if you please—quite the other way!"

Over our tea and hot buttered cake we fell a-chatting about all sorts of things—chiefly matters, of course, concerning the Darkwood family and the many troubles which had befallen Redknights.

And many too were the stories which Mrs Jessamy had to tell relating to the wild youth of Daryl Darkwood—how often he had sinned, and how often the Squire had forgiven him; the money he had spent; his terrible extravagance; and the good-tempered daring of the young man through it all.

"Ah, he was a hair-brained, dare-devil one—if you'll pardon me, Mrs. Deane—to be sure!" the dame said, with a mournful shake of her nice white cap. "Yet, in spite of his reckless ways—in spite of everything—everybody, I do believe, liked him; everybody, I know, was sorry for him when—when he went away for good."

Naturally it was with great interest I listened to all this.

With my back to the peeping jasmine and the westering sun, and my face thus in tremulous leafy shadow, I stirred my tea thoughtfully, the cup at the time resting upon my knee.

"Went away for good, Mrs. Jessamy?" I repeated slowly. "How, I wonder, did that happen?"

"Well, ma'am, 'tis true I say 'for good,'" replied the housekeeper pensively—"though I fear me I should by rights have said 'for evil;' for from that sad day when the shameful business came to light, and the Squire, in a fit of wrath that I suppose one cannot wonder at in the circumstances, turned Mr. Daryl out of the house, we have never once set eyes upon the poor young man, or indeed heard any word whatever about him—nor do I suppose, ma'am, for the matter o' that, we ever shall again. Dear, dear, it was a sad dark day—getting on now for seven years ago or more—was that one on which Mr. Daryl left Redknights forever.

"Is it," I asked quietly, after a moment or two of reflection, "in any wise kept as a secret—I mean the truth regarding the final quarrel between Dar—between the old Squire and his grandson?"

Mrs. Jessamy looked at me with something of mild wonder in her gentle old eyes.

"A secret?" said she. "Oh, dear, no, ma'am—not at all! Why, the whole county knew of it within four-and-twenty hours after it had happened, bless you! It was the talk of the neighborhood for a long, long while. In a family like ours," added the dame, with pride, "you can't make a secret of or hush up a misfortune of that kind; it isn't to be done. Every one, of course, was heartily sorry for the old Squire; but I fancy they were sorrier still for Mr. Daryl."

Insensibly I lowered my voice as, with unsteady hand, I leaned forward and set my empty cup upon the table. Mrs. Jessamy promptly refilled it.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"Oh, it was money, ma'am, at the bottom of it, you may be sure of that!" replied Mrs. Jessamy simply. "But whether or not he actually forged the Squire's name for the amount, or whether or not he went to the Jews and so raised it like on the estate, I never rightly understood: for I've no head for figures except when I do 'em in my own way. But I do know that the Squire's signature, very cunningly imitated was somewhat or other mixed up in the affair, and that Mr. Daryl, by means that were neither fair nor lawful, got hold of the money he wanted."

"And how much was it?"

"Ten thousand pounds," replied Mrs. Jessamy, with a sigh—"and not a penny less."

And this was the man whom I had once passionately loved, I was thinking very bitterly—as, alas, I had so often thought before! the father of my little dead Isla, the man who, in shameful exile from the home of his race, and in the picturesque guise of a careless painter, had wandered northward to find me at Moor Edge, and with his dark splendid beauty and false captivating tongue had wooed me, won me, and made me his wife.

And this was Daryl Darkwood, my husband—in truth, a man no less than a criminal in the eyes of his fellow-men!

"Dear, dear," I heard Mrs. Jessamy chatting on, "what a scene there was, to be sure—a fearful scene—when Mr. Daryl was found out! He swore; the Squire swore; and the poor dear mistress was dangerously ill for months afterwards. It might have happened no longer ago than yesterday, so clearly, when I speak of it, does it all come back to my mind! 'Keep the money, sir,' stormed the Squire, 'now that—like the thief and swindler that you are, you have robbed me of it! But, when every penny of it is gone, sir, the way of many another wasted thousand you have had of me before it, then, sir, starve, do you hear, sir?—starve! For I've done with you. Henceforth you are no heir, no flesh and blood o' mine. So never again, sir, darken the threshold of Redknights. Go!' And Mr. Daryl—high and proud as Lucifer—went."

"Bad grandson—bad husband," I muttered, speaking more loudly than I had intended—"bad to the very core!"

"No—not all bad, ma'am," charitably pleaded the little old housekeeper, having caught those few last words of mine. "No one somehow could help loving him when he was a lad, I will say that—though he was bold-spirited and daring enough even then. Why, he used to think naught of letting himself down to the terrace-walk from his bed-room window up there on the second floor—yes, the identical room, Mrs. Deane, which is now yours—when all the household was abed and asleep, and of coming home in the small hours of the day, and climbing the walls like a squirrel to get back again to his room. The Squire, though, never knew of this, or there would have been a fine disturbance, you may be sure! Afterwards—afterwards however it came to his ears," said Mrs. Jessamy somewhat hastily—"the drinking, the bad company, the disreputable debts and goings-on: but at the time he was in ignorance of it all. You see, ma'am, the old gentleman was very strict with the lad in those days—too strict—strict to a fault, we always said; for young men will be young men, and you can't alter 'em if they're wild inclined. Any way, Mr. Daryl was never the one to brook contradiction or restraint. He said that he was old enough to have a night-key of his own; the Squire held a different opinion. And so what was denied the young man in a fair and open way, as you may say, he took his own reckless means of getting. It was a miracle, and nothing short of it, that he never came to harm or broke his neck outright. It would have been certain death," shivered Mrs. Jessamy, "if he had for a moment let go his hold—lost his presence of mind—and dropped upon the terrace stones."

"How on earth did he manage it, then?"

This rambling talk of the kind old woman's touching the youth and misdemeanors of Daryl Darkwood was verily of the liveliest interest to me, his forsaken wife, trivial as it might have sounded in the ears of other people.

"Well, ma'am, Buckle always said," replied Mrs. Jessamy, "that he managed it skilfully by knotting his bed-clothes together, and making a sort o' rope in that fashion; but we none of us ever knew for certain. Mr. Daryl went his own way and kept his own counsel: and it wasn't for us, of course," said Mrs. Jessamy, "to open the Squire's eyes."

"And the getting back, you say?" suggested I.

"Why, that, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jessamy, "was, I should suppose, far easier work than the getting out for an active slender young fellow like Mr. Daryl was then. On the western side of Redknights there is, as you are aware, a good deal of trellis-work, strong and serviceable, partly of wood, partly of iron. It reaches more than half way up the walls of the house, and is in the summer-time pretty nearly hidden by the mass of creepers. You'll find, by-the-by, upon that side of the house the finest magnolia in the country. Above the trellis the limbs of the ivy are so old and so thick and so horny that they would, I fancy, resist the weight of a much heavier man than Mr. Daryl. You never saw him, Mrs. Deane, or at a glance you would have discerned the gay, reckless spirit of him in his beautiful dark bold eyes."

Still with my back to the amber sunset-light, and with the dancing leaf-shadows quivering over my features, I smiled to think that I was being gravely informed that I had never in my life looked upon the face of Daryl Darkwood!

"There is," suddenly exclaimed the dame, "a fine picture of him in the large dining-room, painted when he was about seventeen or eighteen. He is taken on horseback, his favorite mare, and my good man, who is in heaven now, stands at the animal's head. I do not think that you have yet been into the large dining-room; have you, Mrs. Deane?"

"No, not yet."

"Then will you come with me now, ma'am? I should be very happy to show you the pictures if you would."

And Mrs. Jessamy, rising, took down a key from a row which hung upon a mahogany board that was nailed to the parlor wall.

"Thank you, Mrs. Jessamy," I returned with alacrity. "I should very much like, since I may, to see the pictures in the large dining-room."

Therefore, as we had both of us finished our tea, we at once left the housekeeper's pleasant parlor, and, crossing the passage and turning into another, silent with its Persian carpet underfoot, arrived through a lobby at the great front hall, one of the stout oak doors in which was the entrance to the baronial large dining-room of Redknights.

It was, in truth, a vast room, with a lofty painted ceiling, and with numerous portraits and other pictures adorning its sombre walls.

For years past the apartment—which in some dim manner recalled to my memory the Banketsaal in the Wartburg—had gone untended.

It was perfectly kept notwithstanding, no speck of dust, no cobweb, being anywhere discernible.

Its long windows—eight or nine of them in all—were barred and shuttered: but good old Mrs. Jessamy had soon let daylight in, the vivid red glory of the down-going sun quickly scattering the goblin shadows.

I halted abruptly before the first portrait I came to.

It was that of a gallant gentleman painted in brilliant uniform.

"Who is this, Mrs. Jessamy?" cried I.

She was a few yards ahead of me. She stepped back to my side.

"That, ma'am," said she, "is the late Captain Eversleigh, the dear mistress's husband that was. He fell a victim—as you may perhaps have heard—to a terrible pestilence out in India; a fever it was, which at the same time carried off Captain Darkwood and his wife also—Mr. Daryl's father and mother, I mean—who were out there together with Captain Eversleigh."

Instantly I recollected what Leigh Eversleigh had told me one morning upon the pier at Thangate.

"I remember," I said softly, still gazing earnestly at the gallant soldier-form. "It was a sad story."

"Ay, there's more than one sad story in our family, ma'am," sighed Mrs. Jessamy in reply.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—An Italian contemporary describes the Greek colonies which exist in many parts of Calabria. They were originally settlements of the Albanians and Epirotes who, about three centuries ago, crossed the Adriatic Sea, and founded new homes on Italian soil. They have preserved the Greek language, though somewhat corrupted, until the present day, and they still retain many of their ancestral customs. A marriage in one of these colonies has several old Greek features. On the wedding day, the bridegroom, accompanied by a troop of young men carrying a banner, appears before the bride's house and knocks loudly on the door. The door is at once flung open, and the bride in her long wedding garment appears on the threshold. She wears a coronet of flowers and she and her bridesmaids join the procession of the young men and walk to the church. The marriage is celebrated after the Greek ritual. At the Communion after the marriage the priest dips the sacred host in the chalice, according to the Eastern use, and gives it to the husband and wife. He sets on a kind of crown upon the head of each in turn. There is also a procession round a table placed in the nave of the church, on which the crown is laid, and man and wife alternately take up the crown and wear it during the procession. The wedding party then marches to the house of the husband. Here the wife, following ancient precedent, hesitates at the threshold and affects a dread of entering. The mother-in-law appears, however, to welcome her, embraces her new daughter and places a sugared almond in the young wife's mouth. This is the sign that she may henceforward regard herself as the true house-mistress. She crosses the threshold and the whole party follows.

THE GLOVES OF NIGHT.

THIS remarkable discovery has recently been made that "white hands are coming into fashion again." It would seem that hands have been growing less white than they used to be, and have suffered from too great attachment in ladies to lawn-tennis and boating, and other masculine accomplishments.

Chapped and red hands are never pretty, and these, of course, invariably follow on outdoor exercise. The evil is, happily, not beyond remedy, and to effect this purpose, "the daughters of fashion," as many of them will learn with surprise, "now have dishes of hot water shaped like a flower leaf on their toilet tables, in which they steep their hands for a while before going to bed, then anoint them with vaseline, and put on gloves lined with a preparation of cold cream. These gloves should be of washleather, and several sizes too large for the hand."

There was a period in the past when night gloves were worn very much, more generally than they are likely to be again, and worn by the sons as well as the daughters of fashion, without them being visited by any judgment or ill following. In fact, the methods employed to impart scent to gloves, when perfumed gloves were an ordinary and general wearing, really made them similar to these now to be used at night, and must have been very good for the skin, as well as grateful to the nose.

One old recipe for perfuming gloves runs: "Take amber grease a dram, civit the like quantity, orange flower butter a quarter of an ounce, and with these well mixed and ordered, daub them over gently with fine cotton wool, and so press the perfume into them." Other devices for making them "richly redolent" point generally to the use of oil or fats as being the best available and most largely employed means to secure a good and lasting perfume.

The gloves, more especially for night wear, were, however, certainly worn by dandies under the three first Georges, and in a paper of the times we have a humorous picture of the miseries endured by a delicate fine gentleman, while paying a visit at at the country house of a hearty country squire, Sir Sampson Five-bars.

The chief affliction of the dandy was the lack of toilet dainties, the necessaries of life as he considered them. He could get no pomatum, so that his hair was always *dishevelled*, his suits were soon exhausted, and his snuff-box lost; and, although he was staying with a family—and a family of females too—he could not procure any toilet waters or powders. Besides these discomforts he was forced to scrub his hands with filthy wash ball, "which so ruined their complexion, that lying in dogskin gloves will not recover them this fortnight."

Gloves of veritable dog's skin, not merely tanned to resemble them, were thought then of peculiar virtue for the night. Such have been worn, perhaps, longer than might be thought probable.

"Chinese" gloves became popular, and were highly lauded in advertisements, which set forth where they might be purchased. What gave them their title is not known. China, of all other countries, should be the last to have any very estimable gloves attributed to it, for the simple reason that gloves are not worn there. At any rate, Chinese they were styled, and very probably considered to be of right celestial making by some of the ladies who set store by them.

There would be some suspicion of chemical treatment about such gloves. Although a French philosopher some time ago asserted that glovers, of all artisans, were the most mild and amiable, owing to the soothing influence of leather on their temperament, this discovery had not been made when Chinese gloves were in vogue, and more direct agencies acting upon the outer man, or woman, were all that were sought after.

"Medicated" gloves are used by Dr. Johnson's born beauty in the *Rambler*, the doctor probably not knowing much of toilet mysteries. This young lady is represented as always most carefully tended and put under rigid cosmetic discipline at night, never permitted to sleep until thoroughly anointed with "bean-flower water and May dews," her hair perfumed and oiled, and the softness of her hands secured by medicated gloves. If we only knew how these gloves were medicated, chapped or red hands might have another chance of redemption.

MY TRUE LOVE.

BY J. D. M.

'Tis twenty years of the years of men
I see you now, as I saw you then;
The ringlets brown on your forehead meek,
The dimples twain in chin and cheek;
Those truthful, trusting, great brown eyes,
That look at Heaven without surprise;
The rounded arm and graceful hand,
All too fair for this sinful land!
Of all the loves my life has known,
Without a change was this alone;
In fact, on ages of men she smiled,
As "Mary in Egypt," Ribera's child.

BOLSOVER'S BANK.

BY JOYCE DARRELL.

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR went down early, signed a few letters, transacted some necessary business: and hurried away at ten o'clock, partly because he had urgent need to go to London, partly because he wished to avoid Mr. Littlejohn, the cashier, who, after a month's illness, was returning later that morning to the bank.

"You must put off the poor fellow with as plausible a story as you can," said the young man to his chief clerk. "The news of my father's death must be broken to him by degrees. He will see the cheques signed by me of course, so just say my father has been ailing. And do caution all the clerks not to let the truth slip out suddenly, for the shock might kill Littlejohn, with his weak heart. It is his having been away at the time that will try him."

Arthur departed.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Littlejohn appeared—a small, wizened, punctilious little man, looking tinier and dryer than ever after his late illness.

He had not many ideas, his mind being mostly furnished with ledgers, but he had one creed, one faith, and one religion, and that was an unconquerable devotion to Mr. Bolsover.

He was afraid of him, of course, as everybody had been, but anything so blasphemous as disapproval of his master never crossed Mr. Littlejohn's mind.

In a feeble way he imitated his chief, glaring as sternly as he could at the clerks, talking to them about nothing but business and never asking them a question if it could possibly be avoided.

They watched him with curiosity on this morning when he returned to the Bank, and after the manner of their kind, took a certain grim pleasure in his glance of surprise at not seeing Mr. Bolsover, and his start of amazement at recognizing Arthur's signature on the cheques.

"The governor's away," said the youngest and most flippant of the clerks. "Has left Mr. Arthur in charge. Gone off on unavoidable business, I should say."

Mr. Littlejohn cleared his throat a little nervously.

He was very much astonished, but would have died just then rather than ask a question.

He was so much bent on concealing his own feelings that he failed to note the ghoul-like amusement depicted on the countenances of the clerks.

He worked in his routine fashion all day, but was strangely put out by the absence of his master, and what with that and his recent illness, he felt weak in the head and confused.

He sat in his own den next the master's private room, and his only companion was the youngest of his subordinates, Mr. Capper; the youth who had communicated to him news of the "Governor's" absence.

The other clerks were in the big middle room, where they waylaid all customers and impressed on these that the cashier was to hear no word as yet of the death of Mr. Bolsover.

In fact they kept business from him as much as they could; which was fortunate for Mr. Littlejohn, as otherwise he never could have remained at his post to the end.

For he felt with humiliation that he was far feebler than he thought.

His head was buzzing, his heart gave little warning knocks at intervals, and his eyes were even dimmer than usual.

At all times he had wretched sight, being obliged to wear one sort of glasses for writing and another sort for seeing anyone half a yard off.

The day was horribly dark and dreary, and the gas had to be lighted at three o'clock, but still Mr. Littlejohn plodded on, blinking at his figures and adding them up, while secretly, half unconsciously worrying all the time for the sight of his chief's stern face.

He did not—although quite unaware of relaxing in any way—keep nearly as sharp a look-out as usual over the clerks.

Mr. Capper for one took advantage of this to sit with his back turned to the old fellow, and became absorbed in the pages of a very amusing novel.

Half-past four. Mr. Littlejohn cleared his throat again.

He could hold out no longer; he must ask one question.

"Will Mr. Bolsover soon be home, do you know?"

"Eh! what? home? Oh! to-night or to-morrow, I believe," airily responded Mr. Capper, who had not the faintest idea of what he had been asked.

Fresh silence ensued, broken only by the faint scratching of Mr. Littlejohn's pen—the furtive turning of the leaves of Mr. Capper's book.

"To-night or to-morrow morning."

Then the next day Mr. Bolsover would be at the Bank.

This was the cashier's thought, and he felt strangely glad; his heart even beat a little quicker.

Over the desk where he sat, as over that occupied by Mr. Capper, a lamp covered by a large green shade made a wide circle of light, but the rest of the room was in semi-darkness, and no point was so obscure as the door which led into the principal's private room.

All at once Mr. Littlejohn heard a sound there—a familiar slight creaking of the hinges, and looking up quickly, and peering into the shadow, he beheld a well-known tall figure, with a long gray beard and a soft felt hat pulled low over its brows; the figure of his master.

"Mr. Bolsover! I am glad to see you, sir," said the little cashier, his voice quavering with eagerness and almost soundless; somewhat breathless too from the quickened beating of his heart.

He half rose but had to sit down again quickly, for his head swam and his sight felt more dim than ever.

It did not strike him as at all strange that Mr. Bolsover made no reply, for he was a silent man at the best of times.

Besides, he might have answered, only Mr. Littlejohn could not hear very well just then because of the surging in his ears.

Silently the figure stretched out its thin white hand, adorned with the cornelian ring, and laid a cheque on the desk in front of Mr. Littlejohn; then drew back some paces into the shadow, as though annoyed by the glare of the lamp, a thing not to be wondered at when you have just emerged from darkness.

Mr. Littlejohn made out the amount of the cheque, which was drawn and signed by Arthur, and at first was surprised at its magnitude—$25,000.

On reflection, however, he felt confirmed in a suspicion that had crossed his mind several times that day—namely, that Mr. Bolsover had gone away on business connected with some investment.

Mr. Littlejohn even fancied he knew what it was, and thought $25,000 a very well-chosen sum for the purpose.

To get the bundle of notes out of the iron safe was the work only of a few moments, and Mr. Littlejohn, returning to his desk, counted them out before his master, the latter standing motionless all the time, except for a nervous movement of one hand.

With the thumb he kept moving the cornelian ring on the little finger backward and forward until at last the ring flew off, alighted on the desk, rebounded from thence and fell to the ground.

Mr. Littlejohn—although to do so made his head much worse—stooped to pick the ring up—fumbled about after it for a moment—found it and, on looking up to restore it to the owner, discovered that the figure with the gray beard and the soft felt hat had vanished as noiselessly as it had come.

But it had carried the notes away with it.

Mr. Capper at the same moment having finished a particularly thrilling chapter, became aware that something unusual had been going forward, and looked round with his ordinary happy insouciance.

But he saw nothing except that poor old Littlejohn, very pale, was sitting with his head supported by his hand, and holding out a cornelian ring, which gave Mr. Capper an odd little start when he recognized it.

"I don't feel very well," said the cashier. "Will you please take this ring back to Mr. Bolsover."

Mr. Capper stared. Was the poor old man raving?

"Mr. Bolsover?" he muttered.

"Yes," said Littlejohn dreamily, for everything in the room was beginning to dance before his eyes. "He was here this moment, getting a cheque cashed."

"My goodness!" ejaculated Mr. Capper, starting from his stool, and then standing speechless, his eyes dilating, and beads standing on his forehead. "It couldn't have been Bolsover."

Littlejohn looked at him with some impatience.

"Is it so strange," he said lolly, "that Mr. Bolsover should come in to his own bank, and cash a cheque?",

This was too much for Capper. Surprise and terror robbed him of prudence. He could not stand there and listen to such ghastly nonsense.

"That's good!" he exclaimed ironically. "Strange? Uncommonly strange, I should say, as the governor was buried yesterday."

Mr. Littlejohn seemed to gather himself up with one great effort as he listened. He rose slowly to his feet; fixed eyes of mad, beseeching anguish on the eager young face before him, then gave a stifled cry, threw his hands out despairingly, and dropped to the floor.

The news of his master's death had killed him!

* * * * * *

What excitement reigned in the bank, and later in Barminster!

When Mr. Capper, pale as a sheet, stuttered out the tale to his fellow clerks in the next room and the few customers present, they thought at first he had gone mad.

But there, on poor old Littlejohn's desk, lay the cheque of which all had heard, and the cornelian ring which all recognized.

The very fact of Mr. Capper himself having been in the same room with the apparition and yet hearing and perceiving nothing seemed another supernatural element in the strange and incredible story.

Like wildfire the news spread. Added to what had been seen by Mrs. Bolsover, it was supernaturally strange.

Then Mr. Gerridge, although half incredulous, came forward to say he had seen the ghost in the train.

Then the ticket-collector swore to it also, and a cow-boy declared that in the gray dawn he had met the late Mr. Bolsover striding across the fields that led to another railway station, and had been so frightened that he ran miles away.

Lovers of the supernatural, who were just as numerous in Barminster as elsewhere, had a rare harvest.

Arthur was telegraphed for from London and arrived with all speed, looking very grave and stern.

Of course, there were some minds which inclined to a natural explanation, and desiring that Arthur should put the matter in the hands of the police.

Among these was Mr. Felding, who was remaining in town for a few days.

"I saw no ghost in the railway car," he said. "In fact I hardly remember that there was anybody but Gerridge and myself there. But of course I take his word for there having been a man present who wore a felt hat and had a long beard and (unfortunately) must have heard our conversation. That young fool, Capper, admits now that he was reading a novel which absorbed all his attention at the time the cheque was cashed; and as for poor old Littlejohn, we all know he was half blind. The evidence of the ticket-collector and the cow-boy, if it be worth anything at all, carries out the idea that somebody was personating your father. Under these circumstances, my dear Bolsover, I cannot conceive why you do not take measures to have the offender discovered if possible."

Arthur seemed unwilling to answer, but at last said reluctantly:

"There is so much that is mysterious in the business. When can the cheque have been abstracted? From the moment that she herself laid it on my father's hands until the lid of the coffin was nailed down, my mother never left the room."

"The cheque cashed by Littlejohn may have been forged," said Mr. Felding sternly.

"No. It was the same cheque," said Arthur.

"Humph!" said Mr. Felding, for the first time rather staggered. "So you believe in the ghost?"

But to this Arthur made no reply, and his visitor put an end to the conversation.

"That young Bolsover has some reason for his conduct," he said later to Mr. Gerridge. "There positively are moments when I think he got the cheque cashed himself."

"Impossible," said Mr. Gerridge. "I have been talking about it to Miss Paunceford, who says that nobody but herself and her aunt was present when the cheque was put in the coffin, and they saw the lid nailed down almost immediately afterwards."

"Without quitting the room in the interval?"

"Yes."

And out of this circle there was no getting, though the whole town talked and talked and started every possible theory, one more extraordinary and fantastic than the other.

Meanwhile Arthur Bolsover went quietly about his usual avocations, apparently resigning himself to the loss of the $25,000, and in a short time took another journey to London.

* * * * * *

A little room in London. To enter it seemed at first like a glimpse of enchantment, so striking was the contrast which it made with the squalor and the dreariness of the dripping streets.

For the only tenant of the room was a young girl—pale, sad-looking, but exquisitely pretty—who was busily engaged binding into garlands and sprays a wealth of lovely hot-house blossoms which lay heaped on wet moss in front of her.

The Parma violets, the roses, tuberoses and japonicas made a glory of fragrance and color in the lowly room.

Lowly it was, yet pretty also, as far as neatness and taste and care can redeem a too evident poverty.

A bright fire burned in the tiny grate; and curled up in the centre of the hearthrug lay a lordly Persian cat—a superb creature, which seemed to be condescendingly making the best of its humble surroundings.

The last wreath was finished, and the young girl had just murmured to herself:

"Now I wonder if the boy will let them fade before he fetches them," when the sound of a step on the stairs brought a vivid color to her cheeks and a look of breathless expectation to her eyes.

A knock at the door. She flew towards it, but had hardly time to cry "Come in" when it opened to admit Arthur Bolsover.

"You!" she cried in surprise, yet with unspeakable gladness.

He drew her towards him and kissed her before he answered.

"I saw no reason why I should not present myself here boldly now. I am tired of waiting round corners to catch a fugitive glimpse of you, Ruth. Besides, I wished to speak frankly at last to your father."

"He is still away," she said, very sorrowfully.

A curious expression crossed Arthur's face; but instead of replying to her observation he looked at the flowers and said lightly:

"Why, what is this? Has Hafiz been whisked off in the night in the lap of some witch mounted on a broomstick, and did he bring you all these treasures from his native land of the sun?"

"No. The explanation is more prosaic. Some florists at the West End recognized a talent for mounting flowers in your humble servant; and they pay me rather handsomely for a delightful occupation."

"Rather handsomely! Sixpence an hour, I suppose, and you toil at these all the evening, after running about to teach all day. Well, thank heaven those days are over, Ruth," Arthur said fervently.

"Over?" repeated Ruth dreamily. "You mean that you are free now; but there is still my father's consent to win."

"And you think he will hate me always because I am my father's son? Poor old man! I have discovered to my sorrow and my shame that he had better cause for his enmity than I ever before guessed," said Arthur sadly.

He drew her to a seat near the fire and sat down beside her, holding her little hand in his, and caressing it softly while he spoke:

"You know the sad story in part, Ruth, my darling, although you have been too kind and generous ever to tell it to me. When I tried to argue that your father's hatred of mine was perhaps exaggerated and misplaced, you never contradicted me. But now I have learnt the truth. I know that in their childhood and early youth our fathers loved one another like brothers, and that once when at school my father's life was saved by the courage and devotion of yours. This service should never have been forgotten, whatever happened in after years; but, alas! when the two young men were grown up, jealousy came between them, for they both loved the same woman, and their friendship was changed to enmity. All this you know probably; and also that the Havilands, being as wild and extravagant as the Bolsovers were hard and close-fisted, the latter, through a succession of mortgages became possessed of all their kinsman's land. My grandfather foreclosed at last, and then by a strange, unlucky chance, within a very few hours after the transfer of the property, a lead mine was discovered on the Haviland property, which—had he only known of it sooner—would have enabled your grandfather to pay the mortgage three times over."

"All this I have heard," interposed Ruth softly. "I know, too, that as soon as he learnt the existence of the mine, my grandfather entreated old George Bolsover to give him at least $25,000, and this prayer was denied. But these things are past now, Arthur. What do these dead-and-gone enmities matter to you and to me?"

"I should like to tell you everything," said Arthur. "It seems to me a kind of expiation to do so. My father remained deaf to their claims, Ruth, but I do believe that remorse for his own ingratitude embittered his after life. During the closing months of his existence he was stern and silent, inscrutable to the strangest degree. I have told you already of the singular clause in his will. The sum he named—$25,000—strikes me as suggested to him by the memory of the appeal which he had once so cruelly spurned. Heaven knows what strange, distorted form the idea may have taken in his warped and failing brain; but he may have thought that by ordering the sum to be buried with him, and thus sterilising it, he would remove some curse that might otherwise have clung to his descendants."

"No curse would ever have clung to you," said Ruth.

Arthur bent his head with a kind of passionate humility.

"Then you forgive us?" he said. "You forgive your father's wasted life and your own youth of toil and privation?"

"We shall never have to forgive, but always to love one another, I hope," she answered tenderly. "But my poor father! Is it not strange how the idea of wringing those miserable $25,000 out of his old enemy seemed to have taken possession of him just during the last few weeks? I tried to dissuade him from going to Barminster, when he heard of the death, but my prayers were of no use. I longed to tell him of you, Arthur, and to promise in your name that one day all the wrong should be righted. Perhaps now, when he comes back and sees you, and is told everything, we may persuade him to bury his hatred in your father's grave."

"God grant it!" said the young man earnestly.

But his face wore a troubled look; and he added, almost as if speaking to himself:

"I wish he were at home again!"

"And I!" cried Ruth. "Think how I wish it! All those lonely evenings I have been wearying for him as I sat here with no company but Hafiz, while working at my flowers."

"Tell me," said Arthur, "did your father mean to go anywhere but to Barminster?"

She shook her head sorrowfully.

"He had barely money enough even for that one journey, more especially as by a curious freak he chose to go first-class; I accompanied him to the train. I cannot think why he does not return. And he must be absolutely in want of food, unless ——"

She stopped abruptly, turning a little pale, and the tone of her last words changed to a cadence of pain.

"My dear, do not think of that," said Arthur, soothingly.

But the fear which had occurred to her found an echo in his own heart.

For poor Ned Haviland had of late years sought a refuge in opium-eating from the ills of poverty and helplessness and the agony of an incurable disease; and when the craving took him, which was only at intervals, he would leave his home and remain in hiding somewhere for days. He had been better during the last few months and Ruth had been happier about him. While patient and courageous and loving always, she had never known what it was to be positively happy until the day when a strange chance led to her meeting Arthur Bolsover at the house of one of her pupils.

He had been struck by her name, and was interested in her for her beauty and her charm. Then began the little idyl which for a whole year had brightened both their lives. Ruth dared as little speak of him to her father as Arthur ventured to hint at her existence to Mr. Bolsover: but they met in secret when they could: they were both young and they felt they could afford to wait.

"There he is!" suddenly cried Ruth, springing up, her quick ear having again caught the sound of a step on the stairs.

The footfall stumbled. She gave a scared look, and rushing to the door threw it open. On the threshold, gaunt and spectral looking from want of food and mental struggle, stood Haviland; and Arthur, although prepared for the resemblance, could not help starting at the extraordinary though superficial likeness between him and his father.

They were of the same height and build, and wore the same long iron-grey beard; while the resemblance was most strangely heightened by an accidental similarity of costume. The shabby ulster and soft felt hat were natural enough garments for poor Ned Haviland to wear, although they had seemed oddly out of place in Barminster when worn by the rich Mr. Bolsover.

"You are ill, papa!" said Ruth, tenderly, while her anxious eyes scanned his haggard face. "Sit down; and see here—here is a friend!"

Arthur moved forward, but no sooner did Haviland look at him than he shrank backwards with a look of terror. Doubtless he had caught sight of Arthur at Barminster, and now recognized him.

"The money was mine—mine by right!" he cried out hoarsely, in tones of mingled alarm and rage. "I could not wrest it from him living: I took it from him, dead: and I did it—for her!"

With a movement of yearning appeal he indicated Ruth, then swaying suddenly forward, he fainted.

"Oh, what does it all mean?" cried Ruth, terrified, as she sank on her knees beside the insensible form.

"Hush!" It means nothing that you need fear, Ruth," said Arthur; and, gathering the poor, thin form in his strong arm, he laid it gently on a couch.

Medical aid was brought, and the best of nourishment administered. But Haviland, although he lingered for some days, never rallied or recovered enough after consciousness to recognise his daughter.

She found the bank-notes on him, and dimly guessing what she feared to express, she would have given them to Arthur. But he said, gently: "They are yours, Ruth. Do not ask any questions now. Later, you shall know as much as I can tell you."

For of course the actual details of the theft: the moment in which the idea of it took form in Haviland's weakened brain; precise manner in which he executed it; were a mystery still and have so remained to this day. The probability was that, hearing the curious proviso mentioned in the railway carriage, he had entered the house stealthily, was hidden behind the heavy curtains when Mrs. Bolsover placed the cheque in the coffin, and then at once took it out, and made good his escape later.

And although when, some months later, Arthur Bolsover took over his bride to Barminster and introduced her as poor Ned Haviland's daughter, Mr. Gerridge thought he began to see daylight in a very obscure business, he did not communicate his suspicions to any one; and for lovers of the supernatural there is no more thrilling or inexplicable instance of their theories to be adduced, than the story of how £25,000 were spirited away some years ago by the ghost at Bolsover's Bank.

By Accident.

BY HENRY FISKE.

YES, I was really engaged to be married, and a marriage was quite an event in our family, for Ellen and Sophie and Prudence were all settled into old maids, and mamma was a widow of twenty years standing. Nell had been engaged once; but her lover, poor soul, was wrecked in the Arctic, and Sophie was plain and had never received any proposal at all, and Prudence had always been too busy in caring for the household and nursing mamma to think of such a thing. So we had lived like a sisterhood of nuns in the old Hall ever since I could remember.

It was a mouldy, musty sort of an old place, although in bygone years it must have been stupendously grand. There was a conservatory where no flowers ever grew; a dining-hall with arched and panelled ceilings, which, instead of being sacred to the rites of hospitality, was crowded with old packing-boxes and broken furniture; and there was a great musty smelling picture gallery, where a solitary portrait of a high-shouldered Venville ancestor hung by a frayed red cord, sad relic of all the departed art treasures.

There were deserted lawns, where big-eyed cows and flocks of sheep grazed up to the very door; there were dilapidated fountains, whose water-ducks were choked up with dry leaves and dust; paths overgrown with weeds; box-monsters distorted out of shape; roses grown to tangled wildernesses. And we, the Window Venville and her four daughters, lived in one wing, keeping as comfortable as we could, and trying to be ladies on an income which would have have pinched a charwoman.

Until Helen Devereux, who had married a young lawyer, invited me to come and visit her—me! Tilly Venville, a cherry-cheeked girl of eighteen with round blue eyes and a deal of inexperience—and I became acquainted with Mr. Lillume.

He was a lawyer, too. He used to come home with Mr. Devereux to dinner sometime, and he took us to drive in the park, and I liked him, and before I knew anything the liking changed to love.

"My little beauty," he said to me one day "you deserve a prince. Do you think you could be happy with a poor young lawyer?"

"I'm used to poverty," I said, brightly. "We have been poor all our lives: mamma and the girls and I. And"—suddenly hiding my face in the window curtains—"I think I could be happy anywhere with you, but——"

"Well, little Tilly, he said caressingly, "what is the but?"

"Mamma and Prue and Sophie and Nell—I could not leave them."

"And you need not, Tilly," he said. They shall all come and live with us. My home may not be a splendid place but it will shelter all who are dear to you."

So I came home with the good news, and we were all together, until Prudence remembered.

"The heir-at-law!" she exclaimed, suddenly, with a lengthened face. "We have not told Tilly about the heir-at-law."

"What of him?" said I. "He is off in Switzerland. He needn't trouble us."

"But he has come back," said mamma. "He is going to be married. And he intends to live at the Hall himself, and there are a lot of upholsterers and decorators and carpenters coming down from London, and Miss Octavia Fuller, the squire's daughter, drove up yesterday to look at the place: and do you know, Tilly, we shrewdly suspect that she is to be the lady of Heart Hall?"

"Well, she's welcome to it," said I. "Let Mr. Heart have the old place. John and I are going to make a home for you and the girls. It may not be an old palace of a place like this, but I am quite sure that it will be a happy home, mamma, dear."

But, still, after I had laid my head on the pillow at night, the tears kept coming in my eyes at the idea of the old home passing into the hands of strangers. For although the blood of the Hearts might run in his veins, this distant relative of my father's had spent all his life in foreign countries, and had no sweet associations connected with the old Hall.

He could not know, as we did, where the trout darted swiftest in the pool, nor where the earliest violets opened their blue eyes. He could not gather the blood-red jacqueminot roses out of the tangled briars, nor tell on which of the ruined espaliers the juicy pears ripened the sweetest. He did not know in which of the angles of the picture gallery the echo lingered like a disembodied ghost, nor from what window the finest view spread itself out, a living panorama. He might own the place, but he had not grown up in it as we had.

Miss Octavia came the next day in her barouche and rustling silk skirts. She was tall and handsome and masculine looking with the least shadow of a black moustache on her upper lip and a perfume of "West End" which surrounded her like an atmosphere. She nodded to me in a patronizing fashion as she came in.

"So you are back again, Matilda," said she. "And engaged, they tell me, to a very worthy young man. I'm sure you will be happy. Yes," to mamma, "we must have a boudoir thrown out here to the south. The wife must have her complete suite of apartments; it is the fashion now. The conservatory will be extended, and stocked by La Silliere. The frescoes are in charge of Monsieur Dupresso. The furniture will be supplied by Varnish and Sattingley, and Mr Heart has purchased valuable paintings in France and Italy which will set off the old gallery to good advantage. We are expecting the renovations to be quite completed by September. And of course," with that ineffably patronising air again, "Mr. Heart will be charmed if you will visit the Hall, and see the improvements at any time you choose."

Prudence and Nell were silent. Sophie never looked up from her sewing. My face crimsoned, but I did not speak, but mamma broke the awkward silence by saying—

"It is very kind of Mr. Heart, but we shall be with my daughter Tilly by that time—"

"Oh!" said Miss Octavia, laughing. "So the young lawyer marries the whole family does he? Well, really, I suppose it is the best arrangement that can be made."

And when she had swept away, leaving the "West End" perfume behind her, we looked at one another.

"I shall not think much of my cousin, Mr. Heart, if he marries a woman like that."

"Are we not rather jumping at conclusions?" said Nelly, mildly. "Our cousin may not be engaged to Miss Fuller after all."

"If he isn't," said Sophie, "she is taking a good deal upon herself. And, really, what does it matter to us whom he marries?"

"Nothing in the world," said I, "so let us talk of something else."

We made haste to pack up and come to town as soon as possible, and I was quietly married to John in a dingy old church, where the red and blue lights glimmered faintly through the Gothic windows, and the clergyman's voice sounded as if it came through a whispering gallery.

This was early in the morning, and when we came out there were two carriages waiting at the church gates.

"John, dear," said I, "what are these for?"

"To take us all to the railway station," said he. "Yes, don't look so amazed, little Tilly. We are going on our wedding trip together—the mother, the sisters and all."

"But where, John?"

"To our home, Tilly."

"We are to live in Bethlan Terrace, John," said I, with eyes of exceeding wonder.

"Oh," said he, "that is all very well for a temporary home. But I have got a country home to take my little wife to, just for the present."

So we got into the carriages and were whirled away to the train. And, marvel of marvels, where should we alight but at Hearthill station!

"John, John!" I cried; "you have taken a cottage here on purpose to please me. Oh, mamma, wasn't it kind of him to think of such a thing?"

"Is not my whole life hereafter to be devoted to pleasing you, sweetheart?" he asked, tenderly.

A low open barouche, with purple satin cushions, a pair of richly-caparisoned black horses, and two coachmen in plain black livery were waiting for mamma and the girls. John himself helped me into a light wagonette, and we drove off to Heart Hall!

Not the old Heart Hall that we used to know, all decay and ruin, but a new Heart Hall, with broad gravel drives, playing fountains, neatly-trimmed rose gardens, and wide halls paved with coloured mosaic.

"Why, John," I cried, turning pink and white by turns, "it's—home."

"Your home, dearest," he said, tenderly.

"Our home."

"Have you—bought it, John?"

"Well, it has somehow drifted into my possession," he said, laughing.

"But Mr. Heart—and his bride?"

"They are here, now, Tilly."

"Here!"

I started violently and looked around.

John led me laughing to the long mirror framed in crimson plush which filled the panel opposite.

"Look at them, Tilly," said he. "Tell me what you think of them. Yes, it's quite true; you are neither asleep nor dreaming. I am John Heart. The name of Lillume was only assumed. It was my mother's maiden appellation. It is true that I am a young lawyer without much practice, but I believe that I have enough money to live on if I never enter a law court. I met you by accident, I fell in love with you by accident, and you cannot blame me for wishing it to appear that I have placed you in your rightful position by accident."

"Oh, John," I cried, and Miss Octavia Fuller?"

"She will be the most surprised of any one," said he, laughing. "Indeed, I am not sure but that she half believes that I am going to marry her."

We were so happy that golden sunset in our new home! We have been so happy since; and all the pens and ink ever manufactured could not describe the expression of Miss Octavia Fuller's face when she was first introduced to the bride.

THE CHURCH BELLS' ADVICE.

A certain widow in a country district in France, having gone to ask the advice of her Cure whether she ought to marry again, told him she was without support, and that her servant, for whom she had taken a fancy, was industrious and well acquainted with her husband's business.

The cure's answer was that she ought to marry him.

"And yet," said the widow, "I am afraid to do it; for when we marry we run some risk of finding a master in our servants."

"Well, then," said the cure, "don't take him."

"But what shall I do?" said the widow. "I cannot support the labour of my husband's business without assistance."

"Marry him, then," said the Cure.

"Very well," said the widow, "but if he turn out a worthless fellow, he may get hold of my property and spend it."

"Then you need not take him," replied the Cure.

In this way the Cure always coincided with the last opinion expressed by the widow; but seeing at last that her mind was really made up, and that she would marry the servant, he told her to take the advice of the bells of the church, and that they would counsel her best what to do.

The bells rang and the widow distinctly heard them say, "Take your servant, take your servant."

She accordingly returned and married him immediately. Some time afterwards he drubbed her heartily, and she found that, instead of being mistress, she had really become the servant.

She returned to the Cure, bitterly lamenting the moment when she had been credulous enough to act upon his advice.

"Good woman," said the cure, "I am afraid you have not rightly understood what the bells said to you."

He rang them again, and then the poor widow heard clearly. "Don't take him, don't take him," for the drubbing and bad treatment she had received had opened her eyes.

HABITS are soon assumed, but if we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

Scientific and Useful.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE DARK.—The fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches, that many substances absorb luminous rays in the day, and at night emit these rays so as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of mountain summits, but have even secured a negative of a mid-night landscape, invisible to the eye.

PAPER BARRELS.—Barrels are now made from paper pulp, and the inventor of the process says that the weeds and rank grasses that grow on water-meadows and marshes will produce an excellent pulp for this purpose, and that thus these practically waste lands may be made productive and profitable. The cost of manufacturing the paper barrels is no greater than that of making the wooden article, and, with the patented machine, it is said that two men can produce 600 barrels in a day.

FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.—At a cost of less than a dollar, the dresses and linen of a whole family may be rendered incombustible by dipping them in a solution of tungstate of soda, one pound in two gallons of water. The most delicate color will not be affected by it, and the ironing will not interfere with the effectiveness of the process. In the case of starched dresses, instead of dipping them in the solution, to three parts of good dry starch add one part of tungstate of soda, and use in the ordinary way.

A NEW USE FOR SUGAR.—Experiments have recently been made to prove that sugar is a valuable ingredient in mortar and cement, having strong binding qualities. Equal quantities of finely powdered lime, of a very common kind, and good brown sugar were mixed with the addition of water, and the result was a cement of exceptional strength. This has been tried, two large pieces of stone of the broken tracery of a window having been joined firmly together with sugared mortar. The severest test is joining glass, which gives no hold to mortar without the use of sand, yet this has been successfully done.

COAL-TAR.—The production of colors from coal-tar is a well-known fact. There are of them about sixteen distinct yellow colors, about twelve oranges, more than thirty reds, about fifteen blues, seven greens, nine violets and a number of blacks and browns, besides mixtures of the several chemical compounds, giving rise to an almost infinite number of shades and tones of color. Another group of coal-tar products comprises the artificial aromatic essences. Among these are cumarine, the principle of "new-mown hay," vanillithe, of vanilla, with its derivative vanillen, which is used in preparing "essence of heliotrope," mirbane, a soap perfume, and the artificial oil of bitter almonds.

Farm and Garden.

WELLS.—Wells on the farm should be be thoroughly cleaned out in the spring and fall. At this season there will be few wells that will not contain toads, both alive and in a state of decomposition.

BANTAMS.—Small as is the little bantam fowl, it lays a proportionately larger egg than any other breed. It pays, also, as well as the others according to cost, requiring less room for shelter and yard.

THE MERINO SHEEP.—Although the merino is a small sheep, an advantage possessed by the breed is that a large number can be kept together in one flock more easily than can be done with some other breeds.

POTATOES.—The best mode of getting rid of inferior potatoes is to feed them to the stock. If this be done every season the quality of the potatoes will be improved, the seed become better, and the thrift of the stock be greatly promoted.

COWS AND STEERS.—Milk cows and steers do not require the same food, and should not be kept in the same pasture if it can be avoided, as both kinds of cattle will thrive better from the separation, while the labor of managing them will be lessened.

MILK.—It is stated that in a gallon of skim milk there is nearly a pound of solid food, almost chemically similar to the lean of meat. This is the flesh of the milk, and there is no reason why it should not be eaten as a food, just as meat is eaten, with the addition of any kind of pure foreign fat; but, being mixed with a liquid, the people are unable to appreciate it, and rarely perceive the fact that it is a food at all.

PIGS AND CLOVER.—Give the breed sows the run of the clover field all through the summer, if possible. It is less stimulating than their dry winter food, and will keep them in health with far less fever than any other food. The pigs, moreover, will soon learn to pick at it and eventually make it their staple food, giving them size, health, growth, and frame, and fit them for the purposes of life, be that breeding or fattening, better than anything else.

A DAKOTA paper states that while the woman's suffrage question was before the House there, one of the members, upon the call of his name, arose and said with dignity and firmness: "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but——" At this moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed: "W-i-l-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said: "Mr. Speaker, I vote aye." The lady was his wife.

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A Battle for All.

The boy or youth who must early use himself to hard work may think himself unfortunate and unhappy, but in reality it is in most cases the best thing that fate could give him. The lessons then learned are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately, instances of the contrary are but too common.

Of all the causes that give rise to useless, trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of irksome labor in youthful days. No greater curse can well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular, protracted labor, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence.

What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here! In the humbler ranks of life a boy becomes an apprentice, first to one trade, then to another; but, hating the restraint they all impose, he breaks off from them altogether, ends in having no trade at all, and either becomes a good for nothing, or picks up a precarious living in employments which may, perhaps, involve occasional spurts of exertion, but no regular and sustained, no daily and hourly labor.

If dislike of the irksome slays its thousands in the humbler orders of society, what shall we say of its doings among the higher? Is it not often regarded as the height of good fortune to be relieved from the need of toiling for a living and placed beyond the reach of what is irksome? In many cases, beyond doubt, it is; and rich men and women who have never grappled with the irksome and overcome it, usually grow up poor miserable creatures—the slaves of their own whims and passions, the torment of their dependants and attendants; while they are doomed to meet, in another form, that very foe from the battle with whom they thought it so fortunate to be exempted—finding an idle life more irksome and intolerable than the life of the poorest child of labor.

There is one result of a fair battle with the irksome which is very encouraging—the irk goes out of it, and what used to be a toil becomes a pleasure. Not in every case, perhaps, but at least generally; for it is the law of habit that acts difficult at first become easy, and by becoming easy become agreeable. As it was said long ago, "Labor is itself a pleasure." Certain it is that many men come to like difficult tasks, and in achieving them they experience something of the pleasure of a soldier who has gained a victory.

"It is good for a man," says the prophet, "that he bear the yoke in his youth." All experience bears out this remark. Hogarth's well-known pictures of the idle versus the industrious apprentice are just illustrations of what we have written. Hatred of the irksome sends a youth in the one direction; determination to bear it and overcome it, in the other. The same is the moral of Bunyan's picture of Passion and Patience in the Interpreter's house. Passion must have all his good things at once—he could not endure the irksome. Patience was content to wait, toiling away in the meantime at work that might be exceedingly trying. Common sense teaches the same lesson.

What we have now been saying gets a higher application than ever in the light of Christianity. The battle with the irksome, or at least what is naturally irksome, occupies a high place in the Christian life, and no promises are brighter or more inspiring than the promises to him that overcometh. In the light of Christianity not only youth, but the whole of this present life, becomes a season of discipline for the future, and it is only then that the full harvest shall be reaped of all that has been borne patiently and done laboriously here.

No battles with the irksome have exceeded those of many a martyr and missionary who have suffered the loss of all things—the one in the way of patient suffering, the other in the way of patient service.

Yet such are the compensations of Divine grace, that probably it would have been owned alike by the most tormented victim of the Inquisition and the most self-denied laborer among savages and cannibals, that even in this present life they had been abundantly rewarded, in their inner experiences and enjoyments, for their suffering and their service. How must this feeling have been deepened when they heard the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THERE exists in every household a short and easy method of testing the comparative nervousness of the sexes. Take the very sweetest and most domestic of men, the most home-loving and equable, and see if he can have patience with children, day in and day out, as can a wife much less gifted by nature with these fine qualities. The children may be the sweetest ever born, and yet each will be pretty sure to pass through stages in its development when its cross-questionings, its needless resistings, its chronic deafnesses, its endless "What?" and "Why?" and "Whom did you say?" will furnish grounds for practice for saintship. Not that all mothers are equal to this task—far from it; but when it comes to nerves, the average mother takes all this trial and pressure in a way that puts the average father to shame. Calm must be the spirit, high the purpose, of the father who reaches the end of this complex task without a word of impatience, while the wife whom he calls nervous has long since taken off his hands the other child assigned to him, and has long since with deft hands dressed her, and given one patient, final, all comprehending twitch, and the whole thing is done. If you doubt whether men are, on the whole, and in their own way, as nervous as women, test them with getting the children ready for school, and remember that their mother does it twice a day at least every day of her life.

MAKE God and goodness your foundations. Make your examples of wise and honest men. Shoot at that mark. Be no mocker. Mocks follow them that delight therein. He shall be sure of shame that feeleth no grief in other men's shames. Have your friends in a reverence, and think unkindness to be the greatest offense, and least punished among men; but so much the more to be dreaded, for God is Justicer upon that alone. Love well and agree with your wife; for where is noise and debate in the house, there is unquiet dwelling. Frame well yourself to love and rule well and honestly your wife as your fellow, and she shall love and reverence you as her head. Such as you are unto her, such shall she be unto you.

THE happy man is he that hath learned to read himself more than all books; and hath so taken out this lesson that he can never forget it; that knows the world, and cares not for it; that after many traverses of thought, is grown to know what he may trust to, and stands now equally armed for all events; that hath got the mastery at home, so as he can cross his will without a mutiny, and so please it that he makes it not a wanton; that in earthly things wishes no more than nature; in spiritual, is ever graciously ambitious; that for his condition, stands on his own feet, not needing to lean upon the great; and so can frame his thoughts to his estate, that when he hath least he cannot want, because he is as free from desire as superfluity.

THOSE poor, timorous, mistrustful mortals, who dare not believe lest they be deceived, how intensely miserable must they be! Imagine that man's mental unrest who dares not trust any substance from the fear that it may turn out a shadow. He is actually and stupidly credulous in his incredulity. He is always looking for a flaw in every statement. It is enough for him to know that every truth may contain a grain of error, that every accepted fact may possibly be untrue. In his fear of the possibilities, he is blind to what is clearly probable. To his queer mind truth has no value unless it happens to be a doubtful truth. He would trust no man, for the flimsy reason that some men have been found unworthy of trust.

DULL implies slowness, but not deficiency of intellect. Stupid is entirely negative, and implies lack of perception resulting from want of intellect. Silly implies deficiency in intellect or feebleness in character, and is applied to words, writings, manners. Foolish is applied to actions, and refers to an abuse of the intellect, to neglect rather than deficiency. We blame a man who is foolish, have contempt for the man who is silly, and pity the man who is stupid.

HEALTH brings happiness. A man or woman in high health, with good spirits and full of energy, is an immediate source of happiness to those with whom he or she associates. They cannot resist the infection; they are cheered, animated and encouraged, their energies are called forth, and a positive good is conferred upon them without either effort or self-denial upon the part of the giver.

IT is very puzzling, sometimes, to distinguish between jealousy and envy, for they often run into one another and are blended together. The most valid distinction seems to be this, that jealousy is always personal. The envious man desires some good which another possesses; the jealous man would often be content to be without the good so that that other did not possess it.

WE are either raised or lowered by our associations. Manners, temper, intellect and morals are all directly influenced by our surroundings; and those who choose for themselves friends of an inferior caste, whether of mind or of manners, of morals or of conduct—fall to the level of their choice.

AVOID flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them you cheat yourselves most dangerously.

LAUGHTER should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow. A jest should be such that all shall be able to join in the laugh which it occasions; but if it bears hard upon one of the company, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music.

IF what thou hast received from God thou sharest to the poor, thou hast gained a blessing by the hand; if what thou hast taken from the poor thou givest to God, thou hast purchased a curse into the bargain.

A KIND voice is like a lark's song to a hearth and home. Boys and girls, use your guest's voice at home. Watch it day by day, for it will be worth more to you in the time to come than the best pearl hid in the sea.

IT is cowardice to wish to get rid of everything which we do not like. Sickness and sorrow only exist to further man's education in this world. They will not be needed in the future.

PRAISE has different effects, according to the mind it meets with; it makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.

The World's Happenings.

Trade dollars are redeemable until the 1st of September.

Virginia is having a "colored summer resort" fitted up.

Kansas has a citizen who towers to the height of 7 feet 4 inches.

Ostrich raising is thriving beyond expectations in San Diego, Cal.

A man in Michigan has a turkey which has been trained to draw a sled.

To keep up the supply of horses in the United States 1,000,000 must be bred annually.

The government printing office at Washington is the largest printing office in the world.

Edison, the inventor, will not eat any other meat except beefsteak. He never touches soup.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

A delegation of Japanese officials is in Washington studying the auditing systems of the country.

A new safety envelope has been invented that cannot be tampered with without its being known.

Three dogs attacked a big owl in the woods near Swanton, Pa., the other night, and got whipped.

An infant, 19 days old, was successfully incinerated in Cincinnati's new crematory one day recently.

A negro is suing an Athens, Ga., foundry for damages because he let a piece of iron drop on his own foot.

A fall of two feet, from his porch to the ground, broke the neck of a resident of Bridgeville, Del., recently.

A Michigan dentist advertises weekly the names of his patients and the number of teeth extracted for each.

It takes the tusks of 75,000 elephants per year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls and knife handles.

Tears shed upon a coffin will not blot out the stains that may have been cast in life upon the stilled heart within it.

Ninety-pound cabbages and 300-pound squashes are referred to in Arroyo Grande, Cal., papers as among the recent products of that place.

A fire cracker, exploded by a boy in a store of a town in a New York State, started a conflagration that destroyed property to the extent of $75,000.

If we would do more for others while we may, we should have less regrets, when too late, that more had not been done when "it might have been."

The brickmakers at Terre Haute, Ind., have decided to introduce molds into the union brickyards that will leave upon each brick the union imprint.

In the English House of Commons a member may sit with his hat on, or sleep, or talk to his neighbor, or do almost anything else but read a newspaper.

The Agricultural College of Pennsylvania is prepared to make free tests of the germinating power of such seeds as may be sent by the farmers of the State.

There still exists at Brussels a crossbowmen's guild, which was founded in the eleventh century, and its members still practice with the rifles of the middle ages.

A train on the Missouri Pacific road was stopped in Kansas recently by large hail stones, that fell to a depth of 14 inches, drove the engineer from the cab, and broke all the car windows on one side of the train.

Until 1848 it was imprisonment for any man in England to mention the question of a rise in wages to his employer, and it was treason in England for three men to meet together or combine to get their wages raised.

Sarah Alice Merritt, a 13-year-old girl, living in Jersey City, suffered recently with toothache, and one side of her face became swollen. The other night the abscess broke, and she bled to death before assistance arrived.

The old backwoods farmer who didn't know the war was over and wanted to sell a good negro man to pay his taxes is in trouble. He has been run out of every other Southern State and now turns up in Gilmer county, Ga.

By charging visitors five cents each for a look at him and selling his photographs, a colored prisoner under sentence of death in Louisville, Ky., has amassed $80, with which he has ordered a gaudily trimmed coffin, and expects to be buried in fine style.

A student of Lafayette College, who failed to graduate, is reported to have forged 80 tickets of admission to a concert given by the graduates, and distributed them among the disreputable women of Easton. The trick was discovered in time to prevent the tickets being used.

A family living in the city of St. Louis had a daughter who was very ill. The members of this family were well acquainted with one of the leading advocates of faith-healing in the East, who made her case a subject of prayer, and wrote her a letter declaring that she would certainly be cured, as the Lord had revealed it to him. The letter arrived in St. Louis one day after her death.

Moundville, W. Va., is the home of a Mrs. Bramson, who is the mother of 33 children, 27 of whom are boys, 16 serving in the Union army during the late war, and 14 of them now being on the pension lists. Mrs. Bramson is 77 years old, and Congress voted her a sum amounting to several thousand dollars a few years ago, in recognition of her service to the Union cause in furnishing it so many soldiers.

AN OLD LETTER.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

I found an old letter, long lost, to-day;
The ink is faded, the words are few,
But they speak to my empty heart and say,
"One love in your life was deep and true!"
And far away from this quiet room,
Away from this working-day world of ours,
My soul flies out through the twilight gloom
To a land of glorious plains and flowers.

Once more I am watching the mountains shine
In the last rich glow of a sinking sun;
Once more I am clasping his hand in mine,
When the sultry hours of day are done;
The air is full of the balmy scent
Of odorous blossom and shadowy tree,
And I muse and rest in a still content
On the heart that ever was fond to me.

It is but a dream that is far too fair!
The voice is silent, the rich light dies;
I am here in the dim old city square,
He sleeps in peace beneath Western skies;
And I fold the letter, and meekly pray
For strength to suffer my life-long pain,
Till I come at last to the quiet way
That shall lead me home to my love again.

A Perfect Bear.

BY PSYCHE.

A BLUE petticoat? A blue petticoat? But I never heard of such a thing!"

"I should have thought they were common enough."

"Why, James, I don't mean in that way! I mean I never heard of such a thing as your noticing what color it was, or whether she had any petticoats at all."

"My dear, you might have been sure I should have remarked anything so unusual as that;" and Doctor Southwell leaned back in his Windsor chair with a faint smile on his pale scholarly face.

His sister—short, plump and dark, his opposite in every way—with an impatient gesture pulled off her sealskin cap, and took up a card that lay on the Doctor's great desk.

"'Mrs. Marchmont, 5, Ivy Walk,'" she read aloud. "I don't understand it. Jabez never told me he had a niece."

Again the faint smile quivered round the Doctor's lips; but, before he could speak, his sister struck in again.

"Certainly, if she turns out a quiet respectable sort of person and really is anything of a musician, I would sooner Ruth and Minnie took lessons at home with her than send them into Starbridge twice a week to Mr. Quain. It would be less trouble, and cheaper, no doubt. Of course you did not ask her terms, James?"

"I did not," replied Doctor Southwell quietly, as he took up the pen he had laid down on his sister's entrance. "I advised her to call at the Rectory soon after two, as I thought you would then be at home to see her; and I said that I had no doubt we should be able to find her a little employment amongst us, it being evidently an object to her. She struck me as being very modest and simple in her way of speaking; and she has a most musical voice—the first qualification for a reader, if we can get her anything to do in that way. Reading aloud and music are her only accomplishments, she told me."

"There is no one in the village to read to but old Mrs. Maxwell that I know of," said Mrs. Latimer, as she replaced the sealskin cap on her shining dark head—"so Mrs. Marchmont will not make her fortune in that line; but for music-lessons perhaps we might arrange something, if she is really up to her business. I will look in about tea-time, James, and then I can tell you all about it—unless you will dine with us to-night at seven. We expect Steenie down."

Doctor Southwell shook his head.

"No, thank you, Agatha; I shall be too busy to do anything but swallow a cup of tea as best I can this afternoon. It is near the end of the month, and my paper for the *Adversary* has been hardly begun."

He rose as he spoke, and followed Mrs. Latimer from his little study to the small Gothic-shaped front-door of his house. It was a lovely spring day, and the two narrow flower-borders on either side of the garden path were gay with sweet blossoms.

Just by the gate stood an old gnarled pear-tree, a sheet of white and tinted bloom; and in it a blackbird sat singing lustily. The Doctor stood still to listen, nodding a farewell to his sister as she passed through the gate, a shower of delicate petals falling on her dark dress and jacket the while. She stopped to brush them off, and the same little breeze that had shaken them down fanned the Doctor's cheek and stirred the thick beard already thickly sprinkled with gray.

He lingered a minute or two more, till a bend in the road hid Mrs. Latimer's retreating figure from sight, then turned from the bright sunshine to the dim little study where he and solitude had been friends for so many years.

Perhaps the brilliance without made the low passage seem darker than usual, for Doctor Southwell made two attempts to grasp the handle of his study door before he was successful. His lonely life had rather fostered a habit he had always had of thinking aloud, and, as he sat down once more in his Windsor chair and drew his papers towards him, he muttered—

"Only old Mrs. Maxwell is there, eh? Ah, poor Agatha!"

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It was past two o'clock, and Mrs. Latimer, having dispensed the roast mutton and rice pudding that five days out of six constituted the Rectory early dinner, was sitting in her own particular sanctum, interviewing the wearer of the blue petticoat, who faced her, seated in a low wicker-chair beside the open window.

Mrs. Marchmont resembled nothing so much as a delicate pencil-sketch on tinted paper—hair lying in soft mouse-colored rings on a low brow of olive pallor, eyebrows and lashes of the same neutral tint, shading eyes of a soft gray, features small and delicate in outline, a slender figure clothed in dark gray tweed.

There seemed no color about her except the one line of bright blue showing below her sombre skirts which had attracted Doctor Southwell's attention. Compared with the Rector's wife—bright in color, trim, and plump of outline—she seemed like a fragile wood-anemone beside a tulip.

In her own mind Mrs. Latimer distinctly disapproved of her; and in her heart of heart she was disappointed when Mrs. Marchmont, at her request, brought out of the old schoolroom piano music such as it had assuredly never given out before.

"Her music is undeniable," the Rector's wife confessed to herself, "and she will evidently take whatever terms I offer; but she doesn't look a bit like a music-mistress, and I don't believe she will ever manage the children."

"Have you been accustomed to teaching?" she asked abruptly.

The girl—she was only a girl, after all—turned to answer, her slender yet capable hands still resting upon the piano-keys, a dim ray of light falling through the Venetian blind upon her soft ruffled hair and delicate brows. Despite her timidity—"limpness" Mrs. Latimer called it—there was something unreservedly straightforward about her.

"No, I have never taught yet," she replied simply; "but I think I can do so, because I have learnt music so thoroughly myself, and I have great patience. Waiting on sick people teaches one that; and I nursed my father for years till he died, and my husband through a terrible illness that lasted eighteen months, though the doctors in Australia said he would not live more than six when it seized him."

"Then you are a widow?" said Mrs. Latimer interrogatively.

"Yes; I have been a widow two years. I stayed on in Australia after my husband's death with some people who were very good to me, for my health broke down with watching him, and I was very ill for a long time. I longed to come to England because I wanted to be near the only relative I have in the world—my mother's only brother, who is organist of your church here. It took some time to save the passage-money, for I was not strong enough to give music-lessons then, and had to take in needlework instead; but I earned enough at last, and, now I am here, my uncle wishes me to stay with him, which I am anxious to do if I can only earn my own living, so as not to be a burden."

"And your husband—had he no relatives who would do anything for you?" asked the Rector's wife.

At the words a faint pink tint flickered in Edith Marchmont's pale cheeks.

"My husband was not good to me," she answered simply. "He was a gentleman by birth, and might have been a baronet one day if he had lived, I believe; but he had wasted all his money and lost all his friends when he went out to Australia. He was a very poor man when I married him, and I was very young, and with no one to advise me against accepting him." She paused with a strong shudder. "I want to forget all that part of my life," she went on, turning an almost imploring look on Mrs. Latimer. "It is over, and he is at rest, thank Heaven! But I would rather starve than go to his friends for help; and I am young and strong, and have only myself to work for. Let me try to teach your little girls, and I will do my very best."

The Rector's wife hesitated still. She was a kind-hearted little woman in the main, but conventionality was one of her gods.

"Then you give me no reference?" she said doubtfully.

"Only to my uncle; I have no other friend in England," answered the young widow sorrowfully.

"I can't think why he never told me he had a niece," remarked Mrs. Latimer rather pettishly, reverting to her original grievance. She looked upon it as a right to be *au fait* as to the private affairs of every one in Luppingham parish.

Edith smiled in spite of herself.

"I dare say he hardly knew it himself," she said apologetically. "My mother went to Australia immediately after her marriage, and lived and died out there; and I have never been to England before."

She rose as she spoke; it was of no use prolonging the interview. Mrs. Latimer still wavered.

"I have not asked your terms for music-lessons," she said carelessly.

Mrs. Marchmont colored; evidently she was not a good hand at making a bargain.

"I don't know much about it. I would take whatever you thought right," she returned quietly.

Unconsciously she had baited her hook with the right fly at last.

"Well, I will call on your uncle this afternoon," Mrs. Latimer said graciously; "and, if what he tells me is satisfactory, we can see how you get on, at any rate. We will talk about money-matters after I have spoken to him. Good morning."

So the affair was settled; and, as Mrs. Latimer watched the slender figure of the stranger retreating down the drive, she said to herself—"A blue petticoat and a musical voice—James was quite right. I do hope Steenie won't fall in love with her."

Mrs. Latimer had married a widower, and Stephen was her step-son, just now at home on leave.

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Fate, so long adverse to her, seemed to smile on Edith Marchmont during the first three months of her stay at Luppingham. The Rectory music-lessons proved very successful; and, thanks to Doctor Southwell's kind offices, old Mrs. Maxwell, the sole invalid in the place, had interested herself in the young widow, and installed her as reader and daily companion at a liberal salary. Surrounded by kind friends and all the happy peaceful influences of the country, the Australian girl seemed to expand like a flower hitherto nipped and chilled by the cold hand of winter, and a faint color like the petal of a wild-rose tinted the fair cheeks, so wan and pale on her first arrival.

"How happy you seem!" Doctor Southwell said to her one day, as he stood beside her under a great lime-tree on the lawn of Mrs. Maxwell's house, where he was a frequent visitor; for, though ill-health had compelled him to relinquish his profession ten years before, he still attended and prescribed for some of his old patients as a friend.

It was a glorious afternoon, and the invalid's couch had been wheeled out that she might enjoy the balmy perfume of the air. She was dozing now, wrapped in fleecy white shawls, and Edith sat beside her in a cool gray linen dress, a great bunch of creamy honeysuckle in her lap, and a gaudy Chinese fan in one hand, ready to fan away any intrusive fly that threatened to disturb the sleeper.

"How happy you seem!" Dr. Southwell repeated; and Edith answered—

"Yes, I am happy. I want nothing; I am content. When I think how sad and hopeless I used to be, I dread sometimes that I shall wake up and find it all a dream. And I owe it all to you!" she added gratefully.

He shook his head.

"You owe it to your own happy unselfish disposition, I think," he responded gently.

Mrs. Marchmont flushed with pleasure.

"I liked to be praised," she said frankly—she stood somewhat in awe of the grave Doctor, and yet somehow his approval was very pleasant—"but I don't deserve it. Little things please me greatly, and my spirits are naturally good, I think. You would not believe how gay I feel this afternoon; and yet if I told you the reasons I am sure you would think me very silly."

"I must hear them before I judge," he returned, smiling a little; and she smiled too.

"Well, then, in the first place, Ruth played the last piece of music I taught her without a mistake this morning, and Mrs. Latimer said it was really very creditable; then I have made myself a very pretty pink cotton gown, and it fits well, and I look nice in it; and, lastly, Tim, the gardener's boy, has just brought me this bunch of honeysuckle and a cabbage-leaf of wild strawberries from Hinchly Wood. I shall put the honeysuckle in an old blue jug I know of on uncle Jabez's supper-table when I go home, and the strawberries in a cut-glass dish with cream poured over them. I do like to have a little surprise for him if I can, he is so good to me. But"—interrupting herself—"you would think all this very frivolous, would you not? Fancy being made happy by six yards of pink cotton, a bunch of flowers, and a handful of fruit!"

She paused abruptly, her eyes attracted suddenly to the entrance-gate, through which passed at that moment a young man in a shooting-coat, with a fox-terrier at his heels. The Doctor looked up too.

"It is 'Steenie,'" he said; and a regretful look passed over his usually calm face.

Edith saw it, and spoke with a sudden impulse.

"Don't go!" she pleaded. "He will stay all the afternoon if no one else is here; and we don't want him. Pray don't go!"

So Doctor Southwell stayed.

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"I cannot imagine what has come over James."

Mrs. Latimer was knitting away at a plain-looking gray petticoat when she made this remark, and opposite to her, hemming a lilac cotton pinafore, sat Edith Marchmont. The young music-mistress made herself useful in many ways at the Rectory now, and, thanks to her persistent discouragement of Stephen Latimer's very pressing attentions, had become a prime favorite with the Rector's wife.

"I never saw any one so changed," continued Mrs. Latimer, evidently full of her subject. "Ever since that mysterious visit to London about six weeks ago, going off so suddenly without telling any one why or wherefore, he has held himself completely aloof; and before he went he was more genial and inclined to come amongst us than I have ever known him. There must be some reason for such a sudden change. Surely you have noticed it, Edith?"

The formal "Mrs. Marchmont" had been dropped long since, and the young widow was "Edith" to every one at the Rectory now.

"I do not think Doctor Southwell looks well," she answered evasively.

"I don't know anything about his looks," rejoined Mrs. Latimer rather snappishly—"his manners are what I am thinking of. He seems quite to resent one's even going to see him now; and, as to coming here, or joining in any one's plans—— By-the-bye did you ask him again about the penny reading when he came to Mrs. Maxwell yesterday?"

Edith hesitated.

"I did not see the Doctor yesterday," she answered rather unwillingly.

"Not see him? Why, I thought he went there every day since her last attack!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, in surprise.

Edith found it of no use to fence any longer.

"He did come, but late in the evening, after he knew I had gone home," she explained desperately. "Mrs. Latimer, I think—I believe your brother does not like to meet strangers. I don't know what it can be; I am afraid he must be angry with me for something. He is, as you say, quite changed."

She spoke as though it were a relief to discuss the subject with some one—in fact, she had fretted a good deal in secret over the chill manner and altered looks of this once kind friend of hers. Before Mrs. Latimer could answer, Edith began again—

"I met Doctor Southwell by accident this morning as I came here; I came round by the lane to see if there were any blackberries ripe enough for the children to gather. I don't think"—her voice trembled a little, but she paused, and then went on resolutely—"I don't think he would have stopped to speak to me at all—I am sure he did not wish to do so; but I wanted to know his real opinion of Mrs. Maxwell—I am afraid myself she will not live long—and I was anxious to ask him, as you wished, about taking part in the penny reading." She stopped abruptly.

"Well, what did he say?" asked the Rector's wife curiously.

"He said——" She stopped again; evidently the interview had not been a pleasant one. "He said that, as regarded Mrs. Maxwell, I must make my inquiries of Mr. Holland, as he had arranged yesterday that he should in future attend her regularly instead of himself; and, as to the reading, he said he had given his sister a decided negative on the subject yesterday morning, and he hoped not to hear it mentioned again." Her head drooped over her work as she ended, and a tear dropped

upon it.

"He is a bear," declared Mrs. Latimer decisively, as she rolled up her knitting and stuck the two pins into the gray ball as viciously as though it could feel being stabbed—"a perfect bear, only fit for the Zoological Gardens; and I shall tell him so at the first opportunity I have, you may depend upon it!"

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It was late autumn. The air was full of the scent of dying flowers and over-ripe fruit; the mornings and evenings were chill, and not half a dozen yellow leaves lingered on the branches of the one horse-chestnut-tree in Jabez Strong's little garden.

Up and down the narrow path, moist and brown with decaying leaves, Edith Marchmont paced, a large black soft felt hat crushed down carelessly upon her fair brows, a long black cloak gathered round her slender figure.

Old Mrs. Maxwell had been dead a month and more, and Mrs. Marchmont was to leave Luppingham on the morrow as resident companion to a lady in a distant county. Her farewells had all been said. She had received tearful embraces from the Rectory children; regretful wishes had been uttered by Mrs. Latimer that she was not competent to undertake their entire education; a kind good-bye had been spoken by the quiet little Rector—the same by half a dozen or so poor cottagers to whom she had offered small kindnesses or rendered little services during her six months' residence amongst them. There was nothing more to be done till she took leave of her kind old uncle on the morrow.

Only one person in the village had not bidden her God-speed; and, as she walked rapidly up and down the narrow garden path, amongst the chrysanthemums and the ever fading and falling brown leaves, a desire to know the reason of Doctor Southwell's sudden change of manner, which had haunted her for weeks, became all at once a resolve to discover it if possible, and so to set her mind at rest before she left Luppingham.

"He cannot mind my going to say good-bye," she repeated over and over to herself, as she walked through the garden gate and along the quiet lane that led to the Doctor's house. "Before I go there cannot be any harm in my asking him to forgive me if I have offended him in any way. He is so much older than I, and he used to be so kind once!"

Doctor Southwell was sitting, as usual, alone in his study, his great desk loaded with books and papers of all sorts and sizes—recent pamphlets, reviews, note-books—all the paraphernalia of a literary student surrounding him in tempting profusion. He was not busy however; on the contrary, he appeared quite unoccupied, for the ink in his pen was dry, and the shabby little paper-knife he always used was laid across the new magazine that lay open before him.

If his books, those silent companions, could have spoken, they would have told how the Doctor spent many an apparently idle half-hour seated as now, with one long thin pale hand shading his thoughtful brows; he to whom the day and half the night at one time seemed hardly long enough for the literary labor in which he delighted, appeared to have given himself over of late to long fits of abstraction, as though he were pondering some difficult question to which he could find no satisfactory answer.

In reply to a timid tap at the study-door he called out "Come in!" and his inquiring gaze, directed towards the intruder, changed to a look of extreme surprise, almost distress, when Edith Marchmont entered quietly.

She paused irresolute half-way between the table and the door, a pale gleam of October sunlight streaming through the open ivy-shaded window upon her black dress, her pale face, the few straggling autumn flowers she held in her hands.

Perhaps the expression of his face repelled her, for she shook her head at the seat that he gravely placed for her, and remained standing, with one hand resting upon the study-table, speaking with a subdued haste quite foreign to her usually rather languid manner.

"Sir," she began, "I am going away from here to-morrow, and I have said good-bye to all my kind friends excepting you. It seems to me that I cannot leave without thanking you for all the trouble you took to get me employment when first I came to Luppingham. It is my misfortune that my kind friend Mrs. Maxwell died so soon, and that fate has thrown me on the world again."

She paused, then, finding he made no answer, went on again resolutely—

"There is another thing that I want to say, and that has made me venture to come here. Your kind manner to me has so changed, you seem so anxious to avoid speaking to or even looking at me, that I cannot help fearing I must in some way have unintentionally annoyed or offended you; and, although I cannot imagine how I can have done so, I want to tell you how sorry I am, and to beg you will forgive me before I go."

She ceased, and waited for a reply, an eager questioning look upon her face. He seemed touched by her evident distress.

"My dear," he said gently, "you have not offended me at all—far from it—and I have nothing to forgive. The truth is that I find I made a mistake in trying some time ago to change the only sort of life for which I am in reality fitted, and I have lately been attempting to rectify that mistake as far as I can." He waited a moment, then went on in lighter tones, "I do trust you may succeed and be happy where you are going. It is a pity that you could not remain amongst us here, where you have made yourself much beloved. There was a time ——" His voice failed; he paused to recover it, and at that moment a heavy silver bracelet, Edith's sole ornament, unclasped itself from her wrist and fell noisily at his feet.

Instinctively Doctor Southwell stooped to pick it up—stooped twice, thrice, unsuccessfully, in a feeble, groping, uncertain sort of way, although the bracelet lay shining close to his grasp. Raising himself at length with a weary impatient sigh, his eyes, till now averted, met Edith's. In that moment the reason for all his altered looks and ways, the cause of a hundred trifling actions that had struck her as strange, flashed across her suddenly with terrible distinctness—the Doctor was almost blind!

Edith Marchmont burst into a flood of tears. He sat down in his great chair, and held out his hand to her with a faint smile.

"Edith," he said, "you have found out my secret. It seems I shall not be able to keep it much longer."

She flung herself upon her knees beside him, and took his hand in both hers.

"Oh, sir," she sobbed, "why didn't you tell us? How could you go on letting every one think you changed and unkind, while all the time such a heavy affliction was coming upon you—when, if we had only known, every one would have tried to make it lighter?" She spoke passionately, still sobbing.

"My dear," he responded gently, "I have only lately learnt that I was incurable—only since that visit to London which roused my sister's curiosity so much. Before that, though I felt my sight was failing, I fancied it could be cured by an operation; but I put off going to an oculist month after month until——" He hesitated, then went on, "I think, as you have found out one of my secrets, I must tell you the other. When first you came here, my dear, so friendless and so unfit to battle with the world, you interested me more than any woman I had ever seen, and it struck me that, although I was so much older and graver than you, it would be my great happiness to offer you a home and a love that was at any rate sincere. When I had once decided to do this, I lost no time in obtaining a first-class opinion about my sight, and I went up to town, as you know. The oculist's verdict has been a great blow; but from the hour he told me he could do nothing for me I determined to give up all hopes with regard to yourself; and my aim in avoiding you as much as possible has been that you should leave here without your tender heart being distressed with the knowledge of my heavy trial."

"But I am not going now! Oh, surely you will not send me away!" cried Edith wildly. "Let me stay, pray—pray let me!"

"What, to link your fate with a blind man?" he asked incredulously, yet with a deep joy shining in his sad face.

"I will be your eyes," she answered simply.

He drew her to him, and there was a long silence.

"What will Mrs. Latimer say?" whispered Edith, at length.

The Doctor smiled.

"She will say I could see well enough, at any rate, to notice you wore a blue petticoat the first time we met," he answered tenderly.

For Each Other.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

"CHESTON, who do you suppose was the belle of Mrs. Allen's ball?" inquired Mrs. Vincy.

"My dear sister, you know I do not frequent balls, and consequently do not number very many belles among my circle of acquaintances."

"But you know this one, or used to. Have you forgotten Margaret Castlemaine?"

"Margaret Castlemaine! That child a belle?"

"Why not? She is not such a child. She must be eighteen, at least, Cheston."

"True; it is four years since last I saw her. Is she pretty, Helen?"

"She is more than that," she replied, thoughtfully.

"Handsome, then?"

"No; not handsome. That does not describe her. She is lovely!" exclaimed the lady, impulsively.

"And yet she was a very quiet-looking girl."

"But she always had beautiful eyes, so clear and trusting. She is an undoubted belle, and has improved amazingly."

"You surprise me!" said Cheston Dale. "That little girl a belle?"

"She is demure still, after a fashion. I do not wonder that she is such a favorite. She was engaged in every dance," said Mrs. Vincy, smiling.

"And so Margaret Castlemaine has become a butterfly of fashion,"—speaking thoughtfully. "I had supposed her devotion to her studies and her passion for music might have fitted her for something nobler."

"My dear, ridiculous brother," cried Mrs. Vincy, with a half-vexed laugh, "how you do love to rail at our dancing-parties! Believe me, it would be quite impossible to imagine the girl frivolous, merely because she enjoyed an evening of dancing. I daresay she can appreciate other things all the better for that."

"She is not frivolous, then?"

"Impossible, with such a face. I had a long and pleasant chat with Margaret's mother. I also snatched the opportunity to say a few words to Margaret. They pressed me to call, and I shall gladly avail myself of the invitation. They are delightful people! Margaret interests me."

Her brother arose and went to the window; he stood looking out; at length he said, musingly, "And I presume the young lady is in for a season of balls and parties?"

"And the opera and theatre. Yes, I suppose so; London is a gay city."

"And you think she enjoys such things?" queried Cheston Dale, quietly.

"I was delighted with the sight of her happy face; she showed her enjoyment of it most frankly, and as all young girls should do. She flitted around the room like a sunbeam, and yet—and yet there is a tinge of pretty reserve about her that renders her very fascinating."

"Forgive my curiosity," exclaimed the young man, noticing how earnestly his sister spoke.

"You must meet her, Cheston, although I dare say she will not approve of you. She has her likes and dislikes, I have no doubt," remarked Mrs. Vincy, a little wickedly.

Her handsome brother turned and smiled quietly at the speaker.

"Perhaps she will not approve of me," he said; "she will doubtless think me very tame compared with her ball-room friends."

Her sister stole a little admiring glance at him. The word "tame" could never have been applied to Cheston Dale; his dark eyes were full of spirit and energy.

Mrs. Vincy took up a piece of fancy work and busied herself with it thoughtfully. At length she said, "How old are you, Cheston?"

"Just thirty-two. Does that seem a great age—or would it to a young girl, for instance?"

There was a vein of real earnestness under the light tone.

"I can hardly say. However, I believe most young girls delight to converse with men much older than themselves; it flatters their vanity."

"And is Margaret vain?"

"Margaret?"—arching her eyebrows. "Were we speaking of Margaret, dear?"

Chester flushed and laughed, ran his fingers through his short curly hair, and cried, "Helen, you are a sad tease, and I have tarried too long. I must leave you now. I shall be due at the office soon. Good morning."

His sister looked after the tall, erect figure from her seat in the prettily-draped windows.

"He is a dear good fellow! I am sure any girl would feel proud to receive attention from such a man as Cheston," mused she, working many pleasant thoughts into the gay embroidery. "I wish I could interest him in someone—Margaret Castlemaine, for instance. It would prove very beneficial to him. Now society bores him; he does not care to go out, and is consequently losing all his friends. It is a shame for such a man to bury himself so completely in business; he needs rousing. Other girls cannot interest him; Margaret's face has won my heart—it will win her many hearts; perhaps Cheston——"

But the entrance of the lady's husband put a stop to castle-building; their conversation drifted into other channels.

Mrs. Vincy was a lady who usually carried out her plans. She made a most enjoyable call on the Castlemaines, and warmly urged both ladies to visit her, telling Margaret to come just as often as the mood prompted her.

Cheston Dale did not chance to meet the girl for several weeks. One evening his sister exclaimed, suddenly, "Tom, will you go with me to the Castlemaines'? I must return a piece of music; I promised Margaret she should have it to-day, but had quite forgotten it."

"My dear Helen," rep'lied her husband, "I have some writing I must do this evening; send one of the servants."

"No; that would not do. Will you go, Cheston?"

"To the Castlemaines'?"

"Yes. Please do; I am very anxious Margaret should have the music."

"I will go if you like," replied her brother very quietly.

"You are a good fellow!" cried the lady, in tones of approval.

And, shortly after, they were wending their way to where the Castlemaines lived.

Margaret was seated in the drawing-room. She arose, and embraced Helen Vincy, and then turned and regarded Cheston with questioning eyes.

"Must I introduce you two? Margaret, have you forgotten my brother Cheston?" asked Mrs. Vincy.

"No, indeed!" holding out a small hand.

Cheston took the small hand in his, and then they seated themselves. The three were soon chatting sociably together. Mrs. Castlemaine joined the party, and Cheston found himself conversing earnestly with the young girl. Frivolous? He thought he had never looked into a more earnest or truer face. She was gleeful and light-hearted, too; her merry laugh was pleasant to listen to. Evidently she did not dislike him; her recollections of old times must have left an agreeable impression.

Cheston Dale was not treated as though he were a stranger.

"You were very good to me," she said, earnestly. "What delightful rides those were! I could study twice as well for the out-of-door exercise."

"Do you ride still?"

"Oh, yes! with brother Hal."

"May I join you some day?"

"We should be pleased to have you."

"And you are fond of dancing, I hear?"

"Yes, indeed! And you?"

"I have not waltzed for three years," he confessed.

Margaret opened her bright eyes at him, and evidently thought him a great barbarian.

"You became tired of it?"

"Very tired."

"I cannot imagine it," she exclaimed. "To waltz with a partner who dances well is a dream of pleasure; the gliding motion exhilarates me, and then, you know, I always did love music, and some waltzes fairly throb with melody."

"I know; I used to feel the charm, and, perhaps," glancing down at her—"perhaps, Margaret, my love for it may revive. I am sure I should enjoy a waltz with you."

He spoke impulsively.

The girl smiled in an innocent fashion, and said, naively, "You have no idea how well I waltz."

"Oh, yes, I have! I can fancy a waltz with you might prove quite a poem," he exclaimed, while a slight flush crept over his cheeks, and his dark eyes beamed with pleasure.

A little shyness stole over Margaret; her friend feared that he had frightened her; he had not meant to speak so ardently. His next remark was quietly spoken.

"And you retain your love for music?"

"It increases with each year," she replied, gravely; "but with each year I feel how very little I know of it."

"A favorable sign. You are progressing, no doubt."

"Yes, I believe I am; but still how much there is to learn!"

A little thoughtful pause ensued.

Mrs. Castlemaine was conversing confidentially with Helen Vincy; she was heard to remark, "You would like Madame Jay; she is an expert; she designed the white embroidered silk dress that Margaret will wear at the garden party next week."

A bewitching smile stole over Margaret's fair face; she looked distractingly pretty as she cried, saucily, "Oh, mamma, pray do not mention garden or dancing parties while Mr. Dale is present! He has given up all such vanities," stealing a very mischievous glance at him.

Something in the smiling look Cheston bent upon Margaret caused her to drop her saucy eyes; the color deepened in her soft cheeks; a very pretty picture she made; and then Helen Vincy said, "Yes; Cheston spends his evenings at home—he abhors society."

Margaret had forgotten her momentary shyness. She looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, in a half-frightened tone, "Then he is a woman-hater!"

The remark sounded strangely coming from such sweet lips.

It was no wonder the young man cried, with some energy, "Not a bit of it, Miss Margaret! Helen, what a remark! And I have just been engaging this young lady for a waltz!"

His sister opened her eyes at him, and then said, discontentedly, "Cheston is a great care to me. I do not like to see him leading such a humdrum life. I wish he would marry."

"That sister of mine is somewhat outspoken," thought Cheston Dale, while a slow flush that was not altogether indignation mounted to his cheeks.

He glanced at Margaret.

"And what is your opinion, Miss Margaret?" he asked, smiling, as he met the soft, rather childish, eyes fixed upon him.

"I think those who remain single are much happier," she said, thoughtfully.

"And why, child?"

"Because they are free," she said, rather earnestly; "they are not caged, you know."

"Caged!" he exclaimed, and he was smiling at her; and again his smile, tinged with mischief, brought the color to the girl's cheeks. There was some tenderness in the smile, too; it rendered the man's face most attractive.

The mischief vanished, but the tenderness remained, as he said, thoughtfully, "And yet it is the old, old story over and over again. When love comes, we do not feel that we have lost our freedom, but rather that we begin to live at last."

He spoke earnestly, and Margaret thought that she had never seen her friend looking more manly.

She was rather silent for a moment; then springing up she crossed the room, and seated herself at the piano; and Cheston joined her there.

Picking up a piece of music, he turned the leaves in an idle fashion.

"Margaret, play something for me, won't you?" he asked, persuasively.

The small fingers wandered over the keys for a moment, and then commenced a little selection. It was like the girl herself, tender and winsome, with here and there a touch of pathos, and sometimes a deeper chord of passion.

Absorbed in her music, Margaret did not know that she was giving Cheston Dale an excellent opportunity of studying her; she did not know that he was thinking here a lovable face indeed, lit by those trustful eyes.

She turned to him when the last chords had been struck, and was unprepared for the full, approving glance; it was a pleasant one to meet, and Margaret favored the young man with a smile of such sunny sweetness that he then and there longed to fold her in his arms.

But it was not until he had left that he realized what an evening of happiness he had had.

His sister's sole remark to him was, "Cheston, don't say after this that everything bores you. Your face was almost as bright as Margaret's this evening."

"Margaret—a pearl—she is well named," he said, thoughtfully, and then managed to lead his sister into conversing on other topics.

He soon fell into a friendly way of calling

at the Castlemaines'. He was not often fortunate enough to find Margaret alone; she had many friends, and treated them all in a frank, pleasant fashion; but Cheston was pleased to note that the shade of reserve, so natural to her, never became apparent when in conversation with him; she greeted him as an old and welcome friend.

The young man was not slow at perceiving what Margaret's inexperienced eyes failed to note, that among the many who called upon her two or three evinced more than a casual interest in the piquant warm-hearted girl. It chafed Cheston; he could not endure to think that any other man should dare to think of his Margaret. His Margaret? Yes; Cheston loved his little friend; he was restless enough when away from her; and most unutterably happy in her presence, he realized that Margaret was the light of his eyes. To touch her soft hand, to look into her lovely eyes, was happiness indeed. What a slight child she looked, for all her eighteen years! To meet her, to be near her, Cheston became as gay as any of them.

He was waltzing with Margaret Castlemaine one evening, thinking what bliss it was to guide her little feet through the throng, leading her with that firm, steady grace that bespeaks the experienced waltzer, when the girl spoke.

"And so waltzing bores you?" speaking a little archly.

"No, Margaret, I love it. Is not this music unutterably sweet?"

"And so sad," she said, in a plaintive voice.

"Are you sad, Margaret?"

"Call me Miss Castlemaine, please," she said, in a half-laughing, half-imperative tone.

"I could not; you are just 'Margaret' to me," he replied, stupidly.

"But remember I am no longer a child; I am quite grown up. I do not call you Cheston."

"I wish you would," he exclaimed.

"But I won't," pettishly.

"Margaret——" and the dear name died away.

"Miss Castlemaine, if you please, Mr. Dale."

"Margaret, don't you wish this waltz would last for ever?"

"No, indeed!" with emphasis.

"And why not?"

"I have promised the next to Mr. Graham—he waltzes superbly," said the sweet voice.

"Better than I do, no doubt," said Cheston regretfully, feeling pained.

"Not better—almost as well," said Margaret [illegible] Cheston Dale dreaded [illegible] the admission had filled him with pleasure.

Later in the evening he met Margaret coming out of the conservatory. She did not see him. He heard her escort exclaim in broken tones, "And is that 'no' final?"

[illegible]

Cheston noticed how pale the girl was. A look of pity and sorrow curved her sweet lips. He was soon hovering around her in a protecting fashion. The joy of the evening seemed to have vanished for Margaret, she was wistful and quiet. Cheston Dale's heart swelled with love as he looked at her.

He could not sleep that night, but restlessly wondered if Margaret would answer him so cruelly, but he refused to think of such a catastrophe, and at length fell into a troubled sleep, to dream that Margaret and he were separated by a heartless mother, who had chosen another suitor for her daughter.

He comforted himself the next day by the thought that Mrs. Castlemaine was not heartless, and that dreams are said to go by contraries.

"Cheston," remarked his sister, one evening, "I am of the opinion that Margaret goes out altogether too much. I met her to-day, and it struck me that she was looking tired in and pale."

"She is very gay," observed the young man, pettishly.

"Yes, and [illegible] Mrs. Castlemaine, you know, and Margaret [illegible] delicate, is not remarkably robust. I must speak to Mrs. Castlemaine about it,' and after a pause, "Do you know, I heard some one prophesy that Miss Margaret Castlemaine would be engaged by the close of the season, or [illegible]."

The young man was silent; his cheek colored with emotion.

Before he could reply, his sister continued, "The insufferable gossips mentioned the names of two or three whom they thought might stand an even chance of winning her favor. Yours was not among them," she added, softly, and rather timidly.

"And yet, before the season closes, Margaret will find me at her feet!" exclaimed Cheston, [illegible]

"Cheston, [illegible]"

Tom Vincy's entrance changed the conversation, in which, let it be understood, Cheston took but little part, and when he did speak, answered at random, drawing the attention of his brother-in-law upon him for his absent-minded replies.

"Old man, you're in love!" Tom announced; and Cheston roused himself and shook off his pleasant reverie.

It was at an evening reception that the young man next saw Margaret Castlemaine. He was conversing with a witty and beautiful woman, but managing to keep an eye on the door, wondering restlessly what kept Margaret, when she entered with her usual quiet grace. Someone had spoken to her and she had replied, and was smiling in an innocent fashion.

Cheston thought he had never before seen her look so beautiful. But when the smile died away he noticed her expression was one of sadness. It moved him powerfully, he longed to drive it away.

She was soon surrounded by friends, and to less sympathetic eyes, would have appeared happy enough.

She greeted Cheston's approach with a bright smile, and for a time the shade of sadness seemed to quite leave her.

Later in the evening, as Cheston stood in the doorway, the man next to him said to another, "Is not Miss Castlemaine lovely this evening?"

"She is exquisite," replied the other, "but a trifle sad. Did you observe it? I wonder if that young Thornby is not responsible for that?"

"I [illegible]."

"Yes; he proposed to her, you know, and was refused."

"Foolish girl! Why he is enormously wealthy."

"Yes; but it seems Miss Castlemaine is a sensible girl, and looked at the man and not at his wealth. Thornby, of course, did not come up to the mark, and she refused him. It seemed he raved and tore his hair in true melodramatic style, even threatening to put an end to his life if she would not have him. He made quite a scene I believe."

"The cowardly puppy! Fancy badgering a girl like Margaret Castlemaine!" exclaimed the other, indignantly.

"She need not alarm herself; he is too much of a coward to do himself serious injury. Upon my word, there he is now, [illegible] the blow to his vanity. Ah, he has advanced to speak to her!"

But Cheston crossed the room and reached Margaret's side first. She took his arm with a smile of relief. He led her away, conflicting emotions rendering it difficult for him to speak.

With a little fluttering sigh, the girl exclaimed, "Oh, how tired I am of it all!"

"Would you like to go home, Margaret? I will take you there if you wish."

"Yes—take me home she said, looking relieved. "But we must hunt for mamma."

[illegible] Mrs. Castlemaine mounted the stairs, [illegible] Cheston Dale followed Margaret into the drawing-room. A good fire glowed in the grate, the tinted lamps shed forth an attractive light.

With a sigh of relief Margaret sank into one of her favorite cushioned chairs, and Cheston exerted himself to amuse and divert her. He succeeded well; her smiles returned, the old merry laugh rang out. But when at length he arose to go, the sober expression stole over Margaret's face. It touched Cheston amazingly; he had not meant to tell her of his love so soon, thinking she had excitement enough; but he longed to comfort her, and with a sudden impulse went to her side and put his arms round her.

"You want to cry," he whispered, "and don't dare, even before your old friend, Cheston Dale. Margaret, I love you dearly!"

The answer to that was a shower of tears. Cheston noticed with delight that she did not shrink from him; perhaps the protecting clasp of that strong arm round her comforted the girl. Her tears did not last long; she was quiet for a moment, then made an effort to release herself, but Cheston held her fast.

"No, I can't let you go, Margaret; you must tell me that you love me, darling," in a half-pleading, half-wistful tone.

And somehow, although it cost her many blushes, Margaret managed to confess that she did.

As Cheston's wife she is a great deal happier than when an acknowledged belle. She is the joy and delight of her husband's life, and that knowledge keeps Margaret supremely content.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

THE following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, in France. It has been a favorite motive with the old romance writers; and the cruel fatal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable that the true history will be acceptable for its tender and amorous incident to the fair reader.

I find it in some shape related by Howel, in his "Familiar Letters," in one addressed to Ben Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject "which peradventure you may make use of in your way;" and concludes by saying, "In my opinion, which valls to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom and make a curious piece."

The Lord De Coucy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord De Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection.

With the most poignant grief [illegible] heard from her lover, that he had [illegible] to accompany the king and the Count de Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband.

The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a sterling that she had woven herself of his own hair, interwoven with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully [illegible].

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady De Fayel; and he poured forth the fervor of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his beloved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and presents to the lady of De Fayel. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighboring wood till he could find a favorable moment to complete his promise.

He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of the lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with a message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge the occasion of his return.

The squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it drew his sword on him.

This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself confessed everything, and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master.

Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew his wife would like, and had it served to her.

The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste. She answered him that she had found it excellent.

"It is for this reason that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat you very much liked. You have, Madam," the savage Du Fayel continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy."

But this she would not believe till he showed her the letter of her lover, the string of his hair and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him:

"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved; for never could it find its superior, and, since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it."

Grief and passion choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber, and closed the door forever, and, refusing to accept of consolation or food, the humble victim expired on the fourth day. DISRAELI.

THE DAY AND ITS LUCK.

The secretary of the Thirteen Club furnishes some very interesting historical facts concerning the day of the week called Friday, which has heretofore been regarded by many persons as being particularly unlucky. These facts will controvert the old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day.

Friday, Aug. 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his first great voyage of discovery.

Friday, Oct. 12, 1492, he first discovered land.

Friday, Nov. 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage to America.

Friday, Jan. 4, 1494, he sailed on his return to Spain, which he reached in safety.

Friday, June 13, 1494, he discovered the coast of South America.

Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. gave to John Cabot the commission which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, Sept. 9, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years.

Friday, Nov. 10, 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown.

Friday, Dec. 22, 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers made their final landing at Plymouth Rock.

Friday, Feb. 22, 1732, George Washington was born.

Bismarck, Gladstone, and D'Israeli were born on Friday.

Friday, April 8, 1610 the first known newspaper advertisement was published, in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, in England.

Friday, Jan. 12, was born Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the richest sovereign of Europe.

Friday, June 10, is the birthday of Spurgeon, the celebrated preacher.

Friday, March 18, 1776, the Stamp Act was repealed in England.

Friday, Nov. 28, 1814, the London *Times*, the first newspaper ever printed by steam, was printed.

Friday, June 12, 1802, Alexander von Humboldt, in ascending Chimborazo, reached an altitude of 19,280 feet, the highest that had then been attained.

Friday, May 14, 1580, Gabriel Fahrenheit usually regarded as the inventor of the common thermometer, was born.

Friday, Dec. 25, 1742, Sir Isaac Newton, the illustrious philosopher, was born.

Friday, June 3, the first steam vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic, the *Savannah*, sailed from Savannah to Liverpool.

The *Great Eastern* left the Irish coast to lay the Atlantic cable on Friday, and reached Heart's Content on Friday.

George Stevenson, the father of railways, was born on Friday.

In a Rhode Island factory town a certain employer recently paid out to his employees on Saturday night $700 in new bills that had been secretly marked. On the following Monday $400 of these marked bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers of the town.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

In Japan stairways are almost unknown. Hence, when Japanese come to this country and are lodged in boarding houses their apartments are generally in the third or fourth story. To reach their rooms they are compelled at first to go up very cautiously and with the aid of the balustrade. Some do not even hesitate to go up cat-fashion, on all fours, from step to step. The trouble is that they have not learned to balance the body so as to ascend and descend as we do.

Americans and Europeans are greatly in request in the Chinese army. A skilled artilleryman gets $300, and an engineer $400, and the Chinese Government undertakes to pay to the representatives of any of its foreign servants who may be killed in action a sum equal to $6,000. An income of $3,100 a year and a free life policy for $6,000 are valuable considerations; but the foreign engineer who takes service in China obtains still further recompense in the shape of some such name, in Chinese, as "Sounding Brass" or "Lazy Dragon."

Among the fashionable follies of the moment are the fancy-headed pins, combs, and bonnet ornaments that have been steadily creeping into favor for some time. The little pins are dainty and pretty, and most effective. Moreover, they are useful, a decidedly novel feature in notions of this kind—and are daily becoming more general and more fanciful. The variously-designed tortoise-shell "skewers" for the hair are not always pretty, and sometimes make the style of hair look ridiculous. But the height of absurdity has been reached in the newest bonnet ornaments, which are simply toys and nothing more. What can be more ridiculous than to see the headgear of a elderly [illegible] with a whip, cap, or gun, or cricket ball and stumps? Would not bells be more appropriate for those who are foolish enough to follow such stupid caprices of fashion.

The statistical abstract for India contains some curious information relating to the injuries inflicted on the population by wild beasts and venomous snakes. About 20,000 people are annually destroyed by these animals—or at all events are returned as being so destroyed, and of these, nineteen in twenty are said to be bitten by snakes. The number of human victims tends to increase, in spite of the fact that the number of wild beasts and snakes destroyed has doubled in the last ten years, and that the Government rewards [illegible] on [illegible]. Next to venomous reptiles, tigers claim most victims. Ten years ago, wolves killed five times as many people as of late years; but the extermination of wolves seems to be going on rapidly. Leopards are the alleged cause of death to about 200 human beings annually. Apart from the loss of human life the returns show an annual destruction of upwards of 50,000 head of cattle.

It is well for the medical profession that the civic regulations which are now in force in the town of West Middleburg have not been adopted elsewhere. The [illegible] of that place has enacted that the inscriptions upon all tombstones that [illegible] erected within its jurisdiction shall be drawn up in accordance with a formula prescribed. Under the new dispensation the regulation epitaph would run somewhat as follows: "James Smith, born at Chicago, April 1st, 1821; died at West Middleburg, January 3rd, 1887. Profession, carpenter; abode, 251 Sumpter avenue, West Middleburg; temperament, bilio-sanguine; state, widower with nine children seven of whom survive. Previous [illegible], measles, 1822; croup, 1824; [illegible] 1826; fracture of the right [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] 1846; [illegible], [illegible] Dentition, [illegible] and [illegible] over the [illegible] Medical attendant, Dr. Paul Jones. [illegible] Thomas Smith, eldest son of deceased. Witness, John Brown, notary public."

A sale of articles which had accumulated in the Dead Letter Office at Washington during the year was lately held. The catalogue presented some curious features. It was a book of ninety-five closely printed pages. There were approximately 2,000 miscellaneous articles enumerated, which were separated into 400 packages. Besides these there were 200 books and 150 pieces of jewelry. The sale continued for several days. The packages are wrapped in paper, so that the only clue to what they contain is found in the [illegible] tags. This is often misleading, because [illegible] exception, and the intended [illegible] never [illegible] in some cases. Among the articles sold were [illegible] boots, [illegible] shirts, and shoulder braces. Other packages contained steel pens, rosaries, [illegible] galvanic girdles, mirrors, cigars, [illegible] butter, soap, women's back combs, [illegible] boaters, ear muffs, [illegible] old pictures, Pinkerton eggs, [illegible] sewing machines, [illegible] toothbrushes, bayonets, [illegible] towels, dentists' forceps, [illegible] roller skates, undertakers' [illegible] needles, bows and arrows, pipes, [illegible] eyes, etc., ad. lib.

Our Young Folks.

THE TIN SOLDIER.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

THERE were, once upon a time, five-and-twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they were born of an old tin spoon.

They held their arms in their hands, and their faces were all alike; their uniform was red and blue, and very beautiful.

The very first word which they heard in this world, when the lid was taken off the box in which they lay, was, "Tin soldiers!"

This was the exclamation of a little boy, who clapped his hands as he said it. They had been given to him, for it was his birthday, and he now set them out on the table.

The one soldier was exactly like another; there was only one of them that was a little different; he had only one leg, for he had been the last that was made, and there was not quite tin enough; yet he stood just as firmly upon his one leg as they did upon their two, and he was exactly the one who became remarkable.

Upon the table on which he had set them out there stood many other playthings; but that which was most attractive to the eye, was a pretty little castle of pasteboard. One could look through the little windows as if into the rooms.

Outside stood little trees, and round about it a little mirror, which was to look like a lake; swans of wax swam upon this, and were reflected in it.

It was altogether very pretty; but the prettiest thing of all was the little young lady who stood at the open castle door, for she was a dancer; and she lifted one of her legs so high in the air, that the tin-soldier might have fancied that she had only one leg like himself.

"That is a wife for me!" thought he, "but she is a great lady; she lives in a castle, I in nothing but a box; and then we are five-and-twenty of us, there is no room for her. Yet I must make her acquaintance!"

And so he set himself behind a snuff-box, which stood on the table, and from thence he could very plainly see the pretty little lady, which remained standing upon one leg without ever losing her balance.

That continued all the evening, and then the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people of the house went to bed.

The playthings now began to amuse themselves; they played at company coming, at fighting, and at having a ball. The tin soldiers rattled about in their box, for they wanted to be with the rest of the things, but they could not get the box lid off.

The nutcrackers knocked about the gingerbread nuts, and the slate-pencil laughed with the slate; it was so entertaining that the canary-bird awoke, and began to chatter with them also, but she chattered in verse.

The only two which did not move from their place were the tin soldier and the little dancing lady. She kept herself so upright, standing on the point of her toe, with both her arms extended; and he stood just as steadily upon his one leg, and his eyes did not move from her for one moment.

It now struck twelve o'clock, and crash! up sprang the lid of the snuff box, but there was no snuff in it, no, there was a little black imp—it was a jack-in-the-box.

"Tin soldier!" said the imp, "keep thy eyes to thyself!"

But the tin soldier pretended that he did not hear.

"Yes, we shall see in the morning!" said the imp.

And now it was the next morning, and the children got up, and they set the tin soldier in the window,—and either it was the imp, or else it was a sudden gust of wind, but the casement burst open, and out went the tin soldier, head foremost, down from the third story!

It was a horrible fall, he turned head over heels, and remained standing with his one leg up in the air and with his bayonet down among the stones of a sink.

The maidservant and the little boy went down directly to seek for him, but although they almost trod upon him, still they could not see him. If the tin soldier had only shouted "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it would be becoming in him to shout out when he had his uniform on.

It now began to rain; one drop fell heavier than another; it was a regular shower; when it was over there came up two street boys.

"Look here!" said one of them, "here lies a tin soldier. He shall have a sail!"

So they made a boat of a newspaper, and set the tin soldier in it, and now he sailed down the kennel, the two lads ran, one on each side, and clapped their hands. Dear me! what billows there were in the unwonted kennel, and what a torrent there was, for it had poured down with rain! The paper boat rocked up and down, and whirled round so fast! The tin soldier must have trembled, but he showed no fear at all, he never changed his countenance, and stood holding his weapon in his hand.

Just then the boat was driven under a large arch of the kennel, and it was as dark to the tin soldier as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I now come to?" thought he, "yes, yes, 'tis all that imp's doing! Ah! if the little dancing lady were only in the boat, I would not mind if it were twice as dark!"

At that moment up came a great big water rat, which lived under the kennel's archway.

"Have you a passport?" asked the rat. "Out with your passport."

But the tin soldier said not a word, and stood stock still, shouldering his arms. The boat shot past, and the rat came after. Ha! how he set his teeth, and cried to the sticks and the straws,—

"Stop him! stop him! he has not paid the toll! He has not shown his passport!"

But the stream got stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight at the end of the tunnel, but at the same time he heard a roaring sound, which might well have made a bolder man than he tremble. Only think! where the tunnel ended, the water of the kennel was poured down into a great canal; which would be, for him, just as dangerous as for us to sail down a great waterfall!

He was now come so near to it that he could no longer stand upright. The boat drove on; the tin soldier held himself as stiff as he could; nobody could have said of him that he winked with an eye.

The boat whirled round three times, and filled with water to the very edge—it must sink! The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water! Deeper and deeper sank the boat, the paper grew softer and softer! Now went the water above the soldier's head!—he thought of the little dancing lady, whom he should never see more, and it rung in the tin soldier's ear,—

"Fare thee well, thou man of war!
Death with thee is dealing."

The paper now went in two, and the tin soldier fell through; and at that moment was swallowed by a large fish!

Nay, how dark it was in there! It was darker than in the kennel archway, and much narrower. But the tin soldier was steadfast to his duty; and he lay there shouldering his arms. The fish twisted about and made the most horrible sort of movements; at last it became quite still; a flash of lightning seemed to go through it. Light shone quite bright, and some one shouted aloud, "Tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the servant girl cut it up with a great knife.

She took the soldier, who was as alive as ever, between her two fingers, and carried it into the parlor, where she showed them all what a remarkable little man had been travelling about in the stomach of a fish.

But the tin soldier was not proud. They set him upon the table, and there—Nay, how many wonderful things happen in this world!—the tin soldier was in the self-same room he had been in before; he saw the self-same child, and the self-same playthings on the table; the grand castle, with the pretty little dancing lady standing at the door.

She was standing still upon one leg with the other raised; she also was constant. It quite affected the tin soldier, he was ready to shed tin tears, but that would have been unbecoming in him. He looked at her, and she looked at him, but neither of them said a word.

At that very moment one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and threw it into the stove. There was no reasons for his doing so; it must certainly have been the jack-in-the-box that was the cause of it.

The tin soldier stood amid the flames, and felt a great heat, but whether it was actual fire, or love, he knew not. All color was quite gone out of him; whether from his long journeying, or whether from care, there is no saying.

He looked at the little dancing lady, and she looked at him; he felt that he was melting away, but for all that, he stood shouldering his arms. With that the door of the room suddenly opened, and a draught of wind carried away the dancer.

Like a sylph she flew into the stove to the tin soldier; became all at once, flame, and was gone! The tin soldier melted to a little lump; and when the servant, the next day, was carrying out the ashes, she found him like a little tin heart; of the dancing lady, on the contrary, there was nothing but the ground on which she had stood, and that was burned as black as a coal.

A NIGHT IN THE KITCHEN.

BY H. C. A.

ONCE upon a time there was a bunch of brimstone matches, which were exceedingly proud, because they were of high descent; their ancestral tree, that is to say, the great fir-tree, of which they were little bits of chips, had been a great, old tree in the forest. The brimstone matches now lay beside the kitchen fender, together with the tinder and an old iron pot, and were speaking of their youth.

"Yes, we were then on the green branch," said they, "then we were really at living on a green branch; every morning and evening we drank diamond tea, that was the dew; every day we had sunshine, if the sun shone, and all the little birds told us tales. We could very well observe, also, that we were rich; for the common trees were only dressed in summer, but our family had a good stock of green clothing both winter and summer. But then came the wood-cutters—that was a great revolution, and our family was cut up root and branch; the main head of the family he took a place as main-mast in a magnificent ship, which sailed round the world, wherever it would; the other branches, some took one place and some took another; and we have now the post of giving light to the common herd; and, therefore, high-born as we are, we are now in the kitchen."

"Yes, it was different with me," said the iron pot, when the matches were silent; "as soon as ever I came into the world I was cleaned and boiled many a time! I care for the solids, and am properly spoken of as first in the house. My only pleasure is as soon as dinner is over, to lie clean and bright upon the shelf, and head a long row of comrades. If I except the water-bucket, which now and then goes down into the yard, we always live in doors. Our only newsmonger is the coal-box; but it talks so violently about government and the people!—yes, lately there was an old pot, which, out of horror of it, fell down and broke to pieces!"

"Thou chatterest too much!" interrupted the tinder, and the steel struck the flint until sparks came out. "Should we not have a merry evening?"

"Yes; let us talk about who is the most well-bred amongst us," said the brimstone-matches.

"No, I don't think it right to talk about ourselves," said an earthen jug; "let us have an evening's entertainment. I will begin; I will tell something which everybody has experienced; people can do that so seldom, and it is so pleasant. By the Baltic Sea—"

"That is a beautiful beginning!" said all the talkers; "it will certainly be a history which we shall like."

"Yes, then I passed my youth in a quiet family; the furniture was of wood; the floors were scoured; they had clean curtains every fortnight."

"How interestingly you tell it!" said the dusting-brush; "one can immediately tell that the narrator is a lady, such a thread of purity always runs through their relations."

"Yes, that one can feel!" said the water-bucket, and made a little skip of pleasure on the floor.

All the talkers shook for pleasure; and the dusting-brush took green parsley leaves from the dust-heap and crowned the jug; for he knew it would vex the others, and thinks he to himself, "If I crown her to-day she will crown me to-morrow."

"Now we will dance," said the fire tongs, and began dancing. Yes, indeed! and it is wonderful how he set one leg before the other; the old shoe-horn, which hung on a hook, jumped up to see it. "Perhaps I, too, may get crowned," said the fire-tongs, and he was crowned.

"They are only the rubble!" thought the brimstone matches.

The tea-urn was then asked to sing, but it said it had got a cold, and it could not sing unless it was boiling; but it was only an excuse, because it did not like to sing unless it stood upon the table in grand company.

In the window there sat an old pen which the servant girl was accustomed to write with. There was nothing remarkable about it; it was dipped deep into the inkstand.

"If the tea-urn will not sing," said the pen, "then she can let it alone! Outside there hangs a nightingale in a cage, which can sing and which has not regularly learnt anything, but we will not talk scandal this evening!"

"I think it highly unbecoming," said the tea-kettle, which was the kitchen singer, and half-sister to the tea-urn, "that such a foreign bird should be listened to! Is it patriotic? I will let the coal-box decide."

"It only vexes me," said the coal-box, "it vexes me so much that no one can think. Is this a proper way to spend an evening? Would it not be much better to put the house to rights? Every one go to his place and I will rule; that will make a change!"

"Yes, let us do something out of the common way!" said all the things together.

At that very moment the door opened. It was the servant girl and so they all stood stock still, not a sound was heard, but there was not a pot among them that did not know what they might have done and how genteel they were.

"If I might have had my way," thought they, "then it would have been a regularly merry evening!"

The servant girl took the brimstone matches and put fire to them. Bless us! how they sputtered and burst into a flame.

"Now every one can see," thought they, "that we take the first rank! What splendor we have! what brilliancy!"—and with that they were burnt out.

A RACE OF QUEER DWARFS.—Professor Marapta, of France, has made a remarkable anthropological discovery in the valley of Ribas, in the Eastern Pyrenees. In that district he has found numerous groups of persons who are named by other inhabitants "Nanos," or "dwarfs," and who never attain greater height than four feet.

They are well built in body, have exceedingly small hands and feet, and are broad in the hips and shoulders. Their red hair, their trunk bones are prominent, their chins are square and their large eyes have the slanting tendency of the Chinese.

The men are beardless, or they have at the most only a few soft hairs on the chin. The face is full, the skin pale and young. It looks as if it had no muscles beneath it. The men and women are so like each other that only their dress betrays their sex. Many of them have swollen necks like goitres.

The Nanos are the constant objects of taunt and ridicule of the other inhabitants of the valley. They live as a separate people, marrying only among themselves, so that the race is preserved unique.

Their intelligence is very low. They have no education and no means of bettering their existence. No one cumbers himself about them, and they lead a miserable existence. "Many of those whom I questioned," says Prof. Marapta, "could not even tell me where they lived. They have no conception of arithmetic. They are amiable in their manners, and seemed quite willing to learn something."

FRITZ AND CARLO.

BY J. G.

OH, what a storm it was! The wind blew and the snow came down, and poor Fritz could not see the way before him.

Fritz was a German boy, and his mother had sent him to the town to buy some things that she wanted. She gave him two baskets and an umbrella.

"Now, my dear Fritz," she said, "go as fast as you can, and come back soon."

It was quite fine when Fritz set off, but his mother said it would be well to take the large umbrella.

The baskets, though they were big, were not heavy, and Fritz went off in a good temper, for his mother said he might buy himself a cake.

The shops were full of all sorts of pretty thing, for it was near Christmas, when people bought toys for their boys and girls, and warm muffs and tippets, and cakes and candy.

Fritz looked in at the windows and said to himself, "If I were a rich boy I should buy all sorts of things, some for myself, and some for mother and the little ones."

But Fritz was not rich. He had no money in his pocket but the money that was to pay for the things his mother wanted, and to buy a cake. He could not quite make up his mind as to what sort of a cake it should be. A spice cake would be good to eat on the way home, because it would have a warm taste; but then, one with currants would be so nice.

So he went along as fast as he could, for he liked to go to the town and look at all the nice shops.

At last, after he had bought the things for his mother, he bought a ginger cake to eat on the way home.

He had not gone far when the sky grew dark, and the snow began to fall, and the wind blew, and the umbrella turned inside out, and was broken by the storm.

Poor Fritz put down his baskets and began to cry. It was so dark he could not see the road, and the snow drove against his face.

His mother was in a fright when the storm came on. She did not know what to do; but Carlo, the dog, who was tied up, began to whine, as much as to say—

"Let me go to meet poor Fritz."

The mother had not thought of the dog, but now she untied the rope and let him loose.

How glad Carlo was to be free! What did he care for the snow? he knew he was going to look for his little master, of whom he was very fond, for Fritz was very kind to him. So off he went, and soon found Fritz, who was glad enough to hear Carlo's bark, as I to feel him licking his hands.

He knew that Carlo would lead him safe home, so he took up his baskets, and kept hold of Carlo's collar.

And before long he got home, and was very glad to find himself with his mother again.

SELF EXAMINATION.—That I may be better in future, let me examine a little what temper I have been in the last twenty-four hours. In general, perhaps, I can recollect nothing much amiss in it; but let me descend to particulars. Things are often very faulty, that appear at first sight very trifling. Perhaps I have so fond a conceit of myself as to think that I can never be in the wrong. Has any uneasiness happened in the family this last day? Perhaps I think the fault was wholly in others, and the right entirely on my side. But ought I not to remember, that in all disputes, there is generally some fault on both sides? Perhaps they began: but did not I carry it on? They gave the provocation—but did not I take it?

Am not I too apt to image that it would be mean entirely to let a quarrel drop, when I have a fair opportunity to reason, and argue, and reproach, to vindicate my injured merit, and assert my right? Yet, is it agreeable to the precepts and example of Him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again?"

Is it agreeable to His commands, who has charged me, if my brother trespass against me, to forgive him, not seven times only, but seventy times seven? Is it agreeable to that Christian doctrine which exhorts us, not to think of ourselves highly but soberly, as we ought to think: and that, in lowliness of mind, everyone should think others better than himself? And alas, how often do I think this disrespect, though a slight one, provoking to me? This situation, though a happy one, not good enough for me?

How often have I had in my mouth that wise maxim, that a worm, if it is trod upon, will turn again! Wretch that I am, shall I plead the example of a vile worm of the earth for disobeying the commands of my Saviour, with whom I hope hereafter to sit in heavenly places? TALBOT.

"EVER hear about our little red hen? Well, sir, she was on the set for keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Us poor knows, with bottles, pulp of oranges, roast apples, and nothing was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three and twelve, and I hope to die if she didn't hatch out twenty-seven! Yes, sir, twenty-seven! One of 'em scratched up, and when we opened him there was two grains of corn in his back teeth, and they'd swelled up so they choked him to death!"

FAST AND SURE.

BY J. F. W.

Strong in the faith of woman
I lift mine eyes to thine,
And feel thou art a true man
To love as fond as mine,
Fond as the flower that turneth
To where the sunbeams shine.

What need of words revealing
All thou dost know full well?
True love hath no concealing,
And eyes will secrets tell,
Love firm as rocks still braving
Unmoved the ocean's swell.

Within thy hand now laying
My hand I place secure,
Nor fear nor doubt betraying:
My faith is fast and sure—
Fast as the twining ivy,
As oaks that storms endure.

Nay, if my pulses flutter,
'Tis not the throb of fear;
My lips no word could utter
Of doubt while thou art near;
So let my stay be ever
Thine arm so strong and dear.

Yes—draw me to thee nearer,
And whispering sweet and low,
In accents that are dearer
Than chiming water's flow,
Tell me the love thou feelest
No change can ever know.

Oh! thus upon thee leaning,
As woman ever should,
Thy heart may learn the meaning
Of trustful womanhood,
Leaning on man her weakness,
With strength to be endued.

CASES OF MISTAKE.

Most people, if asked whether they could identify a friend they knew well, after he had been absent for a few years, and pick him out from among a number of other people, would answer the question in the affirmative. Still, had they studied the matter at all, they would certainly reply that the question of identification of a person is often one of extraordinary difficulty, that grievous and terrible mistakes have been made, often leading to judicial murders. It may not be uninteresting, then, if we collocate a few instances of the many on record.

Pliny, in his Natural History, calls attention to certain persons who could hardly be distinguished from each other, such as the Emperor Pompey and a person named Vibius in a much lower station of life; Lentulus and Metellus the consuls; and one Artemon the impostor, who was curiously like Antiochus, the King of Syria. Thus there is in truth nothing new under the sun, nor is it surprising to find that what is a matter of common experience at the present day was well known to, and commented upon by, the ancients.

One of the most remarkable cases occurring in comparatively recent years was that upon which was founded the famous play of "The Courier of Lyons," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Lyons Mail." On the 27th of April, 1796, the mail going from Paris to Lyons was stopped and the courier and postilion murdered. A young man named Lesurques, of spotless character and very good position, was arrested for the crime and executed, on the testimony of nine people, though he vainly proved an alibi, and though a woman who knew the real criminal, Dubosco, testified that he, and not Lesurques, was the murderer. Lesurques went to his death, leaving a very pathetic letter to the then unknown man in whose stead he suffered; and it was not until years afterward that Dubosco confessed, when the same witnesses recognised him as the criminal, declaring that they had been misled by the remarkable resemblance between him and the innocent man. What makes this case all the more extraordinary is that these two men positively had scars of the same size in similar positions. Little wonder then that such a fact, coupled with their resemblance, caused them to be mistaken one for the other.

In England, about the middle of the last century, a certain Mr. Killet was convicted and executed on the positive oath of a man named Jackson, who swore he had been robbed, Killets innocence being afterwards proved.

Another tragical case was that of two men named Mackley and Clinch, who were executed for the murder of a Mr. Fryer, in Islington, in 1797, their identity being positively sworn to by Miss Ann Fryer, the cousin of the murdered man, who was with him at the time. Yet years afterwards two criminals severally confessed to the crime for which Mackley and Clinch had innocently suffered.

Another unfortunate man named Coleman was executed in 1749 for the murder of a girl, Sarah Green, who swore positively to him as one of her assailants, the real criminals being discovered afterwards through one of them turning king's evidence, as it was called in those days.

Turning from these tragedies to cases wherein the accused persons escaped, we shall find equally remarkable instances of resemblance between different persons. A certain Mr. Frank Douglas, a man of fashion in the last century, was arrested on a charge of highway robbery, much to the horror of his friends, and would certainly have been hanged but for the following providential circumstance:

A notorious criminal named Page, happened to be caught and brought to Newgate at the same time, and when the victim of the robbery saw him he recognised his real assailant, the extraordinary resemblance between the two men amply explaining his former testimony.

A similar case occurred in New York some forty years ago, or thereabouts, which created much excitement in that city. A hotel-keeper was charged with presenting a forged check, and the bank clerk swearing to his identity, he was convicted. A new trial was, however, obtained, and after the unfortunate man's business and reputation were gone, a notorious forger happened to be arrested, who turned out to be the real criminal, a remarkable resemblance between the two being once more the cause of much misery to an innocent man.

Let us now go back to 1590, to a French case, that of Martin Guerre, which came before the Parliament of Toulouse in that year, and certainly sounds more like fiction than a true story. Martin Guerre, foolish man, left his home and wife for eight years. Thereupon one Arnauld Dutille made his appearance, bearing a great resemblance to the errant Martin, was received by the wife as her husband, and took possession of the property. Children were born to them, and for three years Arnauld Dutille was accepted by Madame Guerre, and Martin's four sisters and two brothers-in-law, as her husband. The matter, however, fell into dispute. Hundreds of witnesses were examined, and of those some forty swore that the impostor was Martin Guerre, while as many were positive that he was Arnauld Dutille. The judges were naturally very much puzzled, and Arnauld brazening the matter out with consummate effrontery, they were on the point of deciding in his favor when the real, "Simon Pure" appeared on the scene. Martin Guerre claimed his own, and the impostor collapsed.

Grains of Gold.

Never be in an unfitting hurry.

Persevere against discouragement.

Judge of others' feelings by your own.

Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.

Life is too short to be spent in minding other people's interests.

Manner is something with everybody, and everything with some.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

Many men are good in intentions, but unhappy in their applications.

Imitations and sham in any character are but synonyms for weakness.

Raillery is a mode of speaking in favor of one's wit against one's good nature.

Oftimes the blackness which we believe we see in others is only our own shadow.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

There are many people who think that Sunday is a sponge to wipe out all the sins of the week.

The shame that arises from praise which we do not deserve often makes us do things we should never otherwise have attempted.

That action is not warrantable which either blushes to beg a blessing, or, having succeeded, does not present a thanksgiving.

Follow the counsel of no one who always knows how it is done and never did it. It is much better to do well than to say well.

God is present in the conscience of good and bad. He is there a remembrance to call our actions to mind, and a witness to bring to judgment.

Femininities.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light.

Good brains are often kept in a poor-looking vessel.

The question of the twilight hour: Are you sure the dog is tied?

A note of alarm: "Don't come to night; pa is huffy about the gas bill."

Miss Ellen K. Abbott is teaching her 73rd term of school at Webster, N. H.

It is easy to get along with a mother-in-law who has a good bank account.

A daughter of Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, is said to be the best horseback rider in Washington.

Six towns in Windham county, Vermont, have elected women as superintendents of schools.

Three things are seen in a peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and the voice of the devil.

There are more than 65,000 widows in Massachusetts, about half of them being less than 40 years of age.

Brown eyes are the eyes of the South and East, and denote, as a general rule, passion and lack of originality.

Never make a wager with a woman. You may be certain that no woman ever bets unless she has a sure thing.

A woman who counts her children to the number of 28, it is stated, has been pensioned by the Mexican government.

Meekness is a grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.

Queen Victoria has been deprived of one advantage which many ladies of less conspicuous condition enjoy—she has never been able to conceal her age.

If, through the success of the agitation for women's rights, women ever come to sit in the jury box, infants will probably get to be criers in the court.

A long-felt want is a bustle that is not there when the wearer sits down on it, and one that decidedly is there when the wearer stands up for a promenade.

A young woman has taken the highest honors in classical studies at Oxford. The men don't care as long as they hold a firm grip on first place in rowing and cricket.

"Where is the perfect woman?" asks an exchange. If you are very anxious to know, just ask the young man who for the first time in his life is over head and ears in love.

"You girls want the earth," said a Chicago father, when one of his daughters asked him for $6 for a new jacket. "No, papa," said the ingenuous child of 20, "not the earth—only a new jersey."

A young lady in Chicago, who was engaged to be married soon, suddenly lost her memory for faces lately, except that of her mother. She is aware of her affliction and is confident it will pass away.

In recent news from China we hear that it is no longer fashionable for the women there to have small feet. The majority of the Chinese ladies now have large feet—that is to say, feet in proportion to their bodies.

A solid citizen of Wisconsin was so mad on returning home to find that during his absence his wife had had the shade trees in front trimmed so that their beauty was ruined, that he refused to sleep in the house, spent the night in the barn, caught cold and died.

For burns, sweet oil and cotton are reliable remedies. If they are not at hand, sprinkle the burned part with flour and wrap loosely with a soft cloth. Don't remove the dressing until the inflammation subsides, as it will break the new skin that is forming.

The exact origin of the name Molly Maguire is unknown. It is supposed to be the name of a woman in Ireland whose numerous sons were prominent in a secret order. It is also said that they were given the name owing to their disguising themselves in female attire.

A young lady in declining the offer of a position to teach school in Lewiston, Me., wrote a letter in which she explained that she had found one that she hoped would prove "more congenial" to her tastes, and the school directors some time afterward saw a published notice of her marriage.

"And what kind of a man was your husband?" a weeping widow was asked. "Well, I thought he was an angel before we were married, but I found I had made a great mistake. He was but the reverse. But he got religion before he died, and I guess he's an angel now. That's some consolation to me."

Omaha mamma: "No, dear, you can't go to see Lucy, because you must get ready to go to the dentist's to have your teeth attended to." Little Dot: "I just hate to have my teeth fixed." "It is one of those disagreeable things that have to be done, pet." "Oh, dear! I'd almost rather say my prayers when I'm sleepy than have a tooth filled."

Princess Eugenie, of Sweden, who takes a great interest in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the other day invited the cab drivers of Stockholm to "afternoon coffee" in the large hall of the Exchange, where a lecture about the horse and its proper treatment was afterwards delivered. One of the Princess' ladies in waiting officiated as hostess.

In one of the departments at Washington a Baltimore widow was called to fill the place of a sick clerk three different times, and each time the clerk died. Then the clerks were afraid of her, and eventually the substitute system was abolished. The widow continued to seek an appointment, however, and finally secured a place on her own account, but not a clerk in the department would to this day consent to have her do his work in vacation.

Masculinities.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who have our envy now.

Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

King Humbert of Italy is an inveterate smoker.

A jubilee drink has made its appearance in London.

When suffering from violent excitement do not bathe.

The chiropodist gets ahead by working away at the foot.

The time to bury a hatchet is before blood is found upon it.

Mistakes are often bought at a big price and sold at a small one.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Bad habits do not cling so tenaciously to the man as the man clings to the bad habits.

Where there is a deficiency of brain you will generally find a preponderance of collar.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

A Wisconsin man drank a quart of ice water to get cool, and has been growing colder ever since.

It is one of the consolations of poverty that it is never put to the expense of putting in burglar alarms.

Emperor William is reported as saying to a young officer: "It is the one button left unbuttoned which ruins an army."

We cannot do to-morrow's work to-day, but we can have to-day's work shaped for what we are intending to do to-morrow.

A gold ring lost 30 years ago was found by W. K. Parkinson, of Mineral Point, Wis., on one of the teeth of his sowing machine.

A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good.

Boston has a tailor named Bodkin, and Buffalo, not to be outdone, has a baker named Ovens and a coal dealer of the name of Burns.

There is no man who is more thoroughly convinced that honesty is the best policy than he who is caught in the act of pursuing a contrary policy.

The millionaire sometimes makes room for the workman—particularly if the workman has a ladder on his shoulder and a paint pot in his hand.

A good man lives to his own heart. He thinks it not good manners to slight the world's opinion; though he will regard it only in the second place.

Mike Keating, of Oil City, Pa., who made $91,000 in oil before he was 20 years of age, failed the other day for $41; but he is still young enough to begin life over again.

Young student physician, to charity patient: "I—I think you must have a—a—some kind of a—a fever; but—our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come in again in a week."

The meanest thief that has been caught for many a day in New York was one who was arrested lately for robbing the hospital boxes of papers and books intended for the sick and injured.

Daniel O'Connell, of Stamford, Vt., was attacked by a bear in the bushes, near North Adams, Mass., the other day, and was being badly worsted, when, by his dog's interference, he managed to escape.

After a day's weary march Mohammed was camping with his followers. One said, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God." Mohammed said, "Friend, tie thy camel and then commit it to God."

A Winnipeg photographer has put himself in a way to have a fine lot of libel suits. He recently exhibited a case full of photographs of his debtors, each being labelled with the name, address and indebtedness of the person represented.

Blue eyes generally go with light hair, but when they go with dark hair and complexion there is coupled with the affectionate qualities a tendency to deceive, stimulated by an ambition for conquest and leading to the gratification of admiration.

A new advertising dodge is operated by means of an instrument resembling a telescope aimed at a star, at which the public are invited to look without charge. Those who accept read an illuminated advertisement in the end of the instrument, which is not a telescope at all.

Queen Victoria has been completely outdone in the jubilee business. We have learned that an ex-alderman of Racine, Wis., proposes to celebrate the anniversary of the death of his wife by a grand display of fireworks and other festivities. He has invited 150 people to participate in the singular jubilee.

A curious experiment indulged in by young men about town who have a feeling of resentment toward street bands is to get lemons, stand before the musicians just as they prepare to play and begin to suck the sour fruit. It is said that no musician can shape his lips to blow his horn when looking at a man eating lemons, and much money is usually wagered on the result of the experiment.

In Georgia, the other day, a negro construction hand, who was returning to America, stretched out asleep on the floor of a flat car, was violently hurled to the roadside by his head, which extended over the edge of the car, coming in contact with a post. The train was at once halted and his companions ran back to gather up his remains, but were surprised to find the man not the least injured.

Recent Book Issues.

"Parodies" of the works of English and American authors is a most valuable production. It is published monthly. The present issue is Part 44. Able and devoted in preserving much that is of present and future interest to literature, it deserves high commendation and support. Published by W. Hamilton, at 196 Strand, London, England.

"The Old Mam'selle's Secret," a novel after the German of E. Marlitt, translated by Mrs. A. L. Wister, is a very charming story. There are some very exciting scenes, and the beautiful heroine has a hard experience, and is made more unhappy by serious misunderstandings; but finally the clouds of doubt and despair are dispelled, and all is well. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, 25 cents.

"Which? or Between Two Women," just published, is the title of a new novel, by Ernest Daudet, one of the best known and most widely read of all living French novelists. A highly romantic, attractive and touching love story, in which a gypsy girl of great beauty and heroism, named Dolores, and Antoinette, an heiress, are rivals for the possession of Chamondrin, the hero, forms the main theme, and it is most skillfully and effectively handled. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers. Price, 75 cents.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, have just issued "Saratoga Chips and Carlsbad Wafers," by Nathan Sheppard. This unique book is a very readable description of the pursuit of happiness and health at the two great mineral water resorts of America and Europe. It is pictured from real life. The sketch is graphic and realistic. There is a strange mixture of wit, philosophy and instruction in its pages. The man or the woman in pursuit of health, rest and recreation can do no wiser thing than to get and read this little book. Price, 50 cents.

"A Day in Capernaum," by Franz Delitzsch, D. D., Professor in the University of Leipzig; translated from the third German edition by Rev. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., Professor in Capital University, Ohio. The author of this work is generally recognized as one of the leading Old Testament scholars of the world. It is an effort to give, within the space of a day, a vivid picture of the Galilean activity of Jesus. The historical data are taken from the Gospels. It is as truly an historical picture of a busy day in Christ's life as could possibly be drawn. Funk & Wagnalls, Publishers, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.

We have received from the publishers, Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York, Volume V., of "Thirty Thousand Thoughts." It is to be completed in seven volumes, the remaining two appearing in the next six months. The character of the work, which is of the highest value, if not almost of essential importance close after the Bible to clergymen and other religious workers, embraces all subjects pertaining to its theme that could be brought into its material scope. It is edited by the Rev. Canon Spence, M. A., Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M. A., and Rev. Charles Neil, M. A., with introduction by Very Rev. Dean Howson, D. D. The volumes contain illustrative extracts and quotations, choice and carefully selected literary gleanings of the highest order, anecdotes aiding to define moral and religious truths, historical parallels, similitudes—in brief, useful and suggestive thoughts gathered from the best available sources, on all kindred subjects. While the general reader of a serious turn will find it a perfect treasury, the class for whom it is particularly designed must hail it as invaluable. Magnificently printed and bound in octavo form. Price, $3.50.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Sanitarian is the best monthly on general health subjects published in America. Its articles are always on the latest scientific developments and of practical interest. Published at 113 Fulton street, New York.

The Century for July is an appetizing medley of grave and gay, fact and fancy, practical and sentimental. Those who have learned to love the adornments which nature makes in woods and fields, will find much to delight them in John Burroughs' paper, "Among the Wild Flowers," with its pretty illustrations. Artists and scientists alike will be interested in Talcott Williams' article on "Animal Locomotion in the Muybridge Photographs," which is not less noteworthy for its high literary character than for its revelations of the discoveries made by instantaneous photography. The article relates chiefly to the experiments made for the University of Pennsylvania, and is illustrated with many of the photographs taken there. The Lincoln History reaches the Lincoln-Douglas debates. The war article is by Gen. O. O. Howard, and is descriptive of "The Struggle for Atlanta." It is followed by a characteristic letter from General Sherman about the March to the Sea. The miscellaneous contents include two or three good stories, some fine poems, and some useful and readable essays. The Century Company, New York.

An unruly fellow, who was arrested in Boston, escaped from his captor and sought a hiding-place in a narrow space between two dwellings, where he was subsequently discovered so tightly wedged in that it was necessary to knock a hole through the wall from one of the rooms in order to extricate him.

His Marriage.

BY D. T. BELGRAVE.

JUST on the confines of one of our large manufacturing towns there stands an imposing stone residence, elevated by terraces above the road, surrounded by stately trees, and with a wide extent of garden stretching on all sides.

I had been employed in panel-painting one of the large bedrooms for some weeks, and my curiosity and interest had been excited by the fact that the master of the house, Mr. Joseph Randall, was a tall, handsome man of less than fifty years, while his wife was certainly twenty years older, and a very feeble woman.

Yet never were any young couple more seemingly devoted than this oddly-contrasted pair; and I, living in the house with constant occupation there, certainly had good opportunity for witnessing any matrimonial differences, had any existed.

When my work was done, I returned to my own home, and several months later, by quite an accident, not necessary to record here, I learned the story of Mr. Randall's marriage.

From early boyhood he was a "ne'er-do-well." Money ran through his fingers like sand, and after his father, his grandfather, and his uncle had each started him in business, only to end in failure, the family decided that he would never be good for anything.

He was a very handsome man with a University education, the instincts and manners of a gentleman, and kindly in feeling; but he was good natured, truthful, and too easily influenced by whoever took the trouble to dictate to him.

At thirty he found himself bankrupt, out of business, and without any definite prospects; and while he was seriously considering suicide as a way out of his difficulties, he received an invitation to visit an old friend at Grantley, a pretty village on the seashore.

He found Grantley at the height of its summer season, and his own attractions very readily acknowledged by the ladies, who danced with him, strolled on the beach by moonlight with him, and accepted his graceful attentions with beaming smiles and pleasure.

It was here that he was introduced to Miss Susan Harte and her niece and supposed heiress, Miss Maude Maxwell.

They were ladies of position, refined and graceful; the younger one lovely in the freshness of her youth, with a pretty, fair face, and slender figure; the older one stately and dignified, showing in every word a cultivated intellect and strong common sense.

Bob White, Mr. Randall's friend, after the introduction, spoke his mind with frank if vulgar freedom—

"Go in for the heiress, Joe. They say the old lady is worth a quarter of a million, and Miss Maude is her only relative. Any one can see that they are devoted to each other."

And any one could also see every evidence of wealth in their surroundings. Their own carriage, with two magnificent horses, was with them for their daily use; their costumes were of the most costly material; their jewelry was superb. A lady's maid attended them, and they occupied an entire suite of rooms at the only hotel.

Friendship led to intimacy, and Mr. Randall did try to fascinate the heiress, whose simpering prettiness covered a cold heart and a very commonplace mind.

To dress well, and to be a centre of attraction for men, were the objects of her ambition, and her conversation never rose above the level of the smallest of small talk.

Though he had always seemed to lack business ability, Mr. Randall was no idiot, and he found himself evening after evening turning from Miss Maxwell's vapid talk to the fresh, strong mind that shone through her aunt's conversation.

Miss Harte was an accomplished musician, with a rich contralto voice, and love of music had always amounted to a passion with Mr. Randall; so there was a strong bond of sympathy there.

The summer wore away pleasantly, and it was only when closed cottages and a deserted beach told of departed guests that Joseph Randall asked himself seriously how his summer flirtation was to end.

He was not a conceited man, yet Maude Maxwell had let him see very plainly that she had a preference for his society and attentions. Still he shrank from the prospect of a wife with no idea above dress and gaiety, however richly she might be dowered.

Loving neither, in the true sense of the word, he certainly found more pleasure in the society of the older lady, and then a little demon of policy whispered to him that, after all, the money was Miss Harte's, and, with her social position and attractions, she might marry, and so deprive Maude of her supposed inheritance.

It was true that she was old enough to be his mother; but a handsomer woman, and one so thoroughly tasteful in dress, could always appear younger than actual years warranted, and—he liked her; yes, he certainly respected and liked her.

For two or three days he hesitated, shrinking yet from placing himself in the position of a fortune-hunter, and then he wrote a manly, tender letter to Miss Harte, asking her to be his wife.

He had sufficient tact to avoid flowery flattery, and sickening protestations, and the letter bore the stamp of sincerity on every line.

An hour later his messenger brought an answer, and Miss Harte was his affianced wife.

Escorting the ladies to their home, a magnificent country seat, Mr. Randall would not have been human had he not congratulated himself upon the future ownership of the wealth so lavishly represented all around him.

He had said nothing about the future position of Miss Maxwell, good-naturedly willing that she should still find a home with her aunt; but he sometimes thought that he would give her a hint about assuming so much the air of mistress of the house.

The wedding was magnificent; the honeymoon was spent in travelling upon the strength of a wedding-gift of a cheque from Mr. Randall's uncle; and one morning, in cosy confidence, the subject of going home arose.

"Where have you taken rooms, dear?" Mrs. Randall asked; "or shall we go in for housekeeping?"

"Rooms," cried the bridegroom; "shall we not return to your own house?"

"My own house? I have no house, Joe," for suddenly the truth flashed upon her; "did you think that I had money? I thought that every one knew that I was Maude's pensioner. Oh," and her face grew very pale, "what an idiot I have been! I thought that you loved me."

"You were no idiot in thinking that," was the quick reply, as her husband put his arm around her; "I do love you. I did think the position reversed, and that Maude depended on you; but never doubt my love. If it was not very ardent when I proposed to you, it grows stronger every day that we spend together."

"But yet you thought me wealthy?"

"A humiliating fact I cannot deny;" and then, in a sudden outburst of confidence, Mr. Randall told his wife the whole truth, dwelling somewhat longer upon his business attempts and perplexities than on the hope he had entertained of a future life of luxurious idleness.

When he had finished his wife spoke—

"You may not like to hear my father's opinion of me, Joe, though he meant it to be a complimentary one. He always said that I should have been a man, for I had a true business head. For ten years before he died he was paralyzed, and I was the active head of his business, the weaving of carpets, in W——. He left me a competency, which was stolen from me by a dishonest trustee; and I should have taken up some occupation to gain my own living had not Maude been left an orphan, and implored me to live with her.

"It was scarcely a life of dependence, for she needed me, and her lavish gifts of clothing and jewelry I accepted in the place of the salary which any one else in my place must have been paid. I was housekeeper and chaperon, and we were very happy; but I never dreamed that I was supposed to own her wealth.

"Now listen to my proposition. The factory which my father possessed is closed, but I am an old friend of the owner, who carried on the business for a short time after my father died; and found that his ignorance of the details swept away all his profits. I will introduce you to him, and the sale of my diamonds will give us sufficient capital for a modest start. You will be nominally master, as my father was, until you conquer all the intricacies of the business, gain our old customers, and carry on the whole without any assistance. Until then let me direct and teach you, as I helped my father. When you are a rich man"—and here Mrs. Randall's eyes grew dim with tender feeling—"you can buy me some more diamonds."

It was not a matter for hasty decision. Mr. Randall, remembering his failures, was doubtful of his own ability, but his wife had her way, and before their wedded life was six months old, Mr. Randall was engaged in his own business.

Spurred on by an honest shame that a woman had a better business head than his own, he did what he had never done before—threw his whole soul into his business; and he was amazed to find how rapidly he learned to guide it.

Every day filled his heart with deeper love for the noble woman who was so true and faithful a helpmate to him, who, with all the knowledge he lacked, never let one clerk or servant guess her real position.

At home, in the evening, she showed him the result of her day's correspondence or book-keeping, and gave him clear instructions for the next day's work.

And he, learning all quickly, had sufficient sense to let her control the entire business, until she herself, after two years of faithful work, said—

"You can do without me now, dear; I resign."

They had lived very economically in those two years, Mrs. Randall governing the small house and one servant as efficiently as she had controlled her niece's grand mansion or the affairs of the factory.

But ambition once roused in Joseph Randall, he resolved to give his wife a home as handsome as the one which she had left for love of him. Depriving her of no comfort he could afford to give her, he denied himself all the extravagances that had become second nature.

Cigars were thrown aside, clothes were merely decent, and it ignored the many changes of fashion, riding was exchanged for an occasional drive with Mrs. Randall, and year by year Joseph Randall saw his business increase and his bank account enlarge, until he was master of a flourishing business, and of the magnificent home where Mrs. Randall had employed me to paint the panels of the bedroom doors.

And as years robbed the devoted wife of her strength and the noble beauty of middle life, they took nothing from the love of a husband, who knew that to her he owed all his prosperity. He realised fully the life of indolent luxury he would have led, and he contrasted it with the useful one to which she had guided him.

A kind master; the families of his workpeople knew they had always a friend in the head of the vast establishment in which the husband and father toiled.

Without children, both Mr. and Mrs. Randall extended their charity far and wide, and when gratitude met them, Joseph Randall said:

"The thanks are yours, dear. But for you I should be that dreadful object, an aimless, indolent man of fashion; what in days gone by they called 'an old beau'."

MOTTOES OF THE STATES.

Alaska has no motto.

Arkansas—Regnant populi, "The people rule."

California—Eureka, "I have found it."

Colorado—Nil sine numine, "Nothing can be done without divine aid."

Connecticut—Qui transtulit, sustinet, "He who brought us over sustains us."

Delaware—"Liberty and Independence."

Florida—"In God is our trust."

Georgia—"Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation."

Illinois—"State Sovereignty, National Union."

Indiana has no motto.

Iowa—"Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain."

Kansas—Ad astra per aspera, "To the stars through difficulties."

Kentucky—"United we stand, divided we fall."

Louisiana—"Justice, Union, and Confidence."

Maine—Dirigo, "I direct."

Maryland—Crescite et multiplicamini, "Increase and Multiply."

Massachusetts—Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietum, "By the sword she seeks placid rest in liberty."

Michigan—Tuebor. Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice, "I will defend," and "If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you."

Minnesota—L'Etoile du Nord, "The star of the North."

Missouri—Salus populi suprema lex esto, "Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law."

Mississippi has no motto.

Nebraska—"Equality before the law."

New Hampshire has no motto.

New Jersey—"Liberty and Independence."

New York—Excelsior, "Higher."

North Carolina has no motto.

Nevada—Volens et potens, "Willing and Able."

Ohio—Imperium in imperio, "An empire in an empire."

Oregon—Alis volat propriis, "She flies with her own wings."

Pennsylvania—"Virtue, Liberty, and Independence."

Rhode Island—"Hope."

South Carolina—Animis opibusque parati, "Ready in will and deed."

Tennessee—"Agriculture, Commerce."

Texas has no motto.

Vermont—"Freedom and Unity."

Virginia—Sic semper tyrannis, "So always with tyrants."

West Virginia—Montani semper liberi, "Mountaineers are always free."

Wisconsin—Civilitas successit barbarum, "The civilised man succeeds the barbarous."

Most of these are in Latin.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., has a confirmed smoker who is only 2 years old, and still attended by a nurse. He smoked a cigar recently for an hour or more and showed no signs of sickness. The little fellow has contracted the habit from his older brother.

THE BOYS.—It is not a mistaken idea to give the boys a calf or a pig each to raise. It teaches them at an early age to take an interest in farm stock.

WANAMAKER'S

The biggest Dry Goods and General Store in the World. 14 acres of crowded floor space. Dress Materials and things for women's use and wear first and foremost.

Cheviot all-wool check suitings, 3 styles, 23 colorings, 38 inch, 42½ cents. Serviceable, seasonable, stylish.

Printed Flannels, striped and figured; for Tennis or Boating, 75 cents.

Mixed Camel's Hair, soft and clinging, 5 shades; 42 inch, 37½ cents.

Poules, like Camel's Hair in weave and texture, but no scattered surface hairs, 75c. to $1.25.

The same, a little narrower, a little coarser, 45 to 65 cents.

Plain all-wool Veiling, 10 colors, street shades; 40 in., 25 cents to 35.

Albatross, the same, 30 cents to $1.

Crêpolite Cottons, very light and very rough, 25 cents from 50.

Pure Silk Gloves, all the new shades, 38 cents.

Suede Gloves, 4-button, embroidered, 75 cents.

Mousquetaire Suede Gloves, 6-button, plain, 75 cts; embroidered $1.

Black Satin Parasols, $1.50, worth $3.

Good Black or Colored Satin Parasols, $1.98.

Cashmere Shawls, fine and soft; cream, cardinal, blue, or pink, $1.25 up.

Shoes for Seaside, Mountain or Tennis. Knobbly Rubber buttons, light canvas tops. Buff, gray or black, $1 to $3.

If you don't know precisely what you want, when you write for samples or goods, say something that'll help us to pick for you.

JOHN WANAMAKER,

PHILADELPHIA.

Humorous.

CROQUET.

Out on the lawn, in the evening gray,
Went David and Susie—I said: "Which way?"
And they both replied: "Croquet! croquet!"

The evening was bright with the moon of May,
And the lawn was light as though lit by day—
From the windows I looked to see croquet!

Of "mallet" and "balls" the usual display:
The "hoops" all stood in arch array,
And I said to myself, "Soon we'll see croquet!"

But the mallets and balls unheeded lay,
And the maid and the youth, side by side sat they,
And I thought to myself, "Is that croquet?"

I saw the scamp—it was light as day—
Put his arm round her waist in a loving way,
And he pressed her hand—was that croquet?

While the red river rolled forgotten away,
He whispered all that a lover should say,
And he kissed her lips—what a queer croquet!

Silent they sat 'neath the moon of May:
But I know by her blushes she said not "nay,"
And I thought in my heart, Now, that's croquet!
—U. N. NONE.

An executive officer—A hangman.

The tied of life—The married ones.

Motto for the married—Never dis pair.

Common pleas—Please shut the door.

Dress parade—A fashionable wedding.

Every machinist is expected to have at least one vice.

Taking a receipt—Getting your trousers mended.

The rule of three—For the third person to clear out.

Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but that is not its regular business.

Money lenders take more interest in business than any other class of men.

A dark subject: A dark man down a dark cellar, with a black eye, and a dark lantern, looking for a black cat.

The man who got the last word in disputing with a woman has advertised to whistle for a wager against a locomotive.

"Hallo, Bob, my boy! who have you been fighting now?" "I ain't been fightin', father. I tried my first shave to-day."

Laundrymen are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

A young man asks: "How can I gain a copious flow of language?" We would suggest that he should try sitting down on a tack.

Jones: "I say, Smith, have you got change for a tener?" Smith: "Certainly, old fel." Jones: "Well, er, just lend me five."

"If women are really angels," writes an old bachelor, "why don't they fly over the fence, instead of making such a fearfully awkward job of climbing?"

Where will mosquitoes pass the season? Each and every one of the 10,000 summer resorts advertise "positively no mosquitoes." But this may be merely a warning for them not to come.

A California paper says that "one of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in its liquid state." In this vicinity the human eye is satisfied if it can see any of the metal in a solid state.

Fond mother, to bachelor uncle: "Why, John, don't let the baby play with that gold toothpick. He'll swallow it." Bachelor uncle: "Oh, that won't do any harm. I have a string tied to it, so I can't lose it."

It is strange what a small nibble a woman will take out of a piece of cake when her lover is looking. But with what ease she can get fifteen clothes pegs into her mouth on washing day, when she is in a hurry and wants to go out in the afternoon.

An old woman unable to read, on receiving a letter from an absent son, asked a friend to read it to her. The writing was so bad that the friend, hardly able to make it out, read stammeringly. "Dear moth—mother, I—I—is—take"—whereupon the old woman cried out gleefully, "It's from dear Jamie, sure enough! He always stuttered!"

The story was wont to be told by Bishop Wilberforce that he had asked a child in Sunday school why the angels ascended and descended on Jacob's ladder, whereupon the child replied that they did so because they were moulting and could not fly. But this appears in Hans Sachs' book, printed in Germany over 300 years ago, and is evidently a very ancient joke indeed.

It was a case of breach of promise. The evidence being "all in," the defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes, I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house." Counsel for the plaintiff, with satisfaction: "Then you confess it?" Defendant: "Yes, I confess it; but I had to do it." Lawyer: "What do you mean?" Defendant: "That was the only way I could keep her from singing."

A Northern stock raiser took a lot of fine Berkshire pigs down to a South Carolina State agricultural fair. Much to his chagrin and surprise they attracted little notice, while neighboring pens of native hogs were constantly surrounded by admiring farmers. Determined to learn the reason, he accosted a Carolinian. "Can you tell me, my friend, why these fine-boned, short-legged, heavy-meated pigs get no attention, while those lean, lank, long-legged, unprofitable razor-backs get it all?" The Carolinian shifted his quid, shut one eye, sighted along his nose, and drowned a fly a rod away. "Stranger, it ain't no use for us to raise hogs that can't run faster'n a darkey."

A SERVANT GIRL OF OLD.

The following description of an English farm-servant girl's life fifty or sixty years ago, says a clergyman, writing in 1884, I got from an old parishioner as her own experience, and I have every reason to believe it to be perfectly genuine, and to be a no very exaggerated instance of farmhouse service at the time of which she spoke.

"Massy!" she said, "the girls don't know now-a-days, naun about work. When I was sixteen years old I was had out like a cow, to the market, and any farmer who wanted a servant come and choosed one. I went first as nursegirl, and I got 1s. 3d. a week. Then I went to Early Farm, in Wadhurst parish, and there I was to have 1s. 6d. a week; but then I'd more work to do. I'd churning twice a week, and cleaning twice a week, and brewing twice a week besides washing and baking, and six cows to milk every night and morning, and sometimes a dozen pigs to feed. There were four men lived in the house and I had all the bilin' to do—the cabbage and the peas and the pork for their dinners—besides all the beds to make; and sometimes I made 'em in a fashion, that's partin. One morning, I got up at four and worked to twelve at night, and then missus wanted me to pick a couple of ducks.

"No, missus," I says, "I really can't I be quite tired."

"Tired!" says she, "If I was a young woman like you I should be ashamed of myself."

"Ah, it was just such a treat to get an hour or two to oneself of a Sunday! I was twelve years servant at 1s. 6d. a week, and then I got married; and when my husband died I went to service again, and for all I'd bin a married 'oman, I only got 1s. 6d.! After a while I got 2s. a week, and then a man who'd been a soldier, wanted somebody as could work to kip house for him, and he gave me 2s. 6d. a week. Massy! the girls now-a-days don't know naun about work!"

FORTUNE IN THE TEACUP.—Here are a few "old women's signs" for girls: If single persons happen to have two spoons in their cup, it is a sign that they will figure prominently at a wedding before the year is out. If you put milk or cream into your tea before the sugar, it will "cross your love." If a tea-stalk floats in the cup it is called a "stranger." Unmarried ladies, when this happens, should stir their tea round briskly, and then plant the spoon upright in the cup, holding it quite still with the fingers.

If the "stranger" in its gyrations is attracted to the spoon, and clings to it, the "stranger" will be certain to come that evening. If the sides of the cup attract, the "stranger" will not come. We may observe that it really depends upon the atmosphere whether the tea-stalk is attracted to the middle or to the sides of the cup. It is a sign of fair weather if the clusters of small air bubbles, which usually arise after the sugar has been put in, collect themselves and remain in the centre of the cup. On the contrary, when they straggle to the sides, it will certainly rain in a few hours.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—On an island off Terra del Fuego there is a fair division of labor between the men and women, but one curious custom exists. The men make and fit up the canoes, but the women are the rowers. The result it that the women are good swimmers, but the men cannot swim at all. The reason is that often on the coast there is not a single tree to which to fasten the canoes. The women, therefore, after landing their husbands, have to row the canoes to a spot where seaweed has been massed together, in order to moor the canoes thereon; after which operation they are compelled to swim back. So, also, when the canoe is wanted, the women have to swim out for it and row back for their husbands.

REMEMBER that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things as insulting. When, therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion which provokes you.

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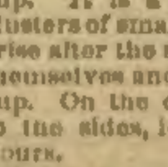

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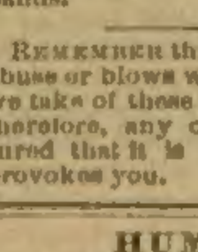

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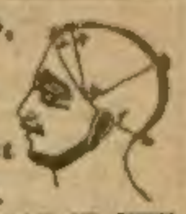

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Black seems to be the standard again for street wear, especially the soft, clinging fabrics. While black is very serviceable, it is distressing to see every other woman you meet in the street look as though she were in half mourning, or as though there had been a plague of some kind and all the inhabitants were in grief or mourning for their sins. Plain colored silks are scarcely worn at all, but fancy silks are fast growing in popularity, and this is a prediction of an early return to soft and graceful draping fabrics in twilled goods, and a revival of what was known to our grandmothers as Turk's satin. Cotton fabrics grow more beautiful and attractive each season. Nothing can be softer or finer than batistes while the sateens outrival foulards in point of lustre, and the ginghams are marvels of elegance.

In the black materials made up for the street the tailor fashion is followed in the strictest manner. The draperies are very full and long, usually laid in deep side plaits in the back and at the sides, one edge being frequently drawn up into the folds of the skirt, so as to form a long point of the other edge.

Front draperies usually have the right and left sides differently arranged, although some very elegant new costumes have both sides of front and back draperies exactly alike.

Some very stylish imported suits have sham skirts with a plain band at the bottom and ample overdraperies made almost like a whole skirt; one side seam being overlapped and finished with ornaments or handsome buttons, or one side may be faced with suitable material, and folded back in a revers.

These drapery skirts are among the most graceful of fashions, and are especially becoming to ladies who are inclined to be stout. Worn with a trim, perfectly fitted waist, with postilion and pointed front, close collar and sleeves, and long gloves, they are the extreme of good taste, and may be taken as the proof of a refined taste and a first-class tailor. There is one point about the use of the dresses that should not be overlooked, and that is their appropriate use.

Whatever approaches the tailor dress in general effect should be worn only on strictly informal, out-of-door occasions. Those who follow closely the demands of fashion would not think of appearing in any formal gathering arrayed in one of them. Care should be taken therefore, that such suits are confined solely to the street, the morning drives or business occasions.

For more dressy use the same fabrics may be made up with various combination materials, or, indeed, be used wholly by themselves, the fashion being much more elaborate, and the general effect, while it could not be improved for the plain, handsomely finished dress, is by far the more elegant; yet the addition of a few folds, or the different arrangement of the draperies, may make an almost complete transformation in the style of the costume, and render it appropriate for the house, or the many smaller occasions where fine woolen suits are appropriate and desirable.

Plain-colored cashmere, veiling, and camel's hair will be especially popular for young ladies' visiting dresses, and for young matrons' "at homes." These materials will be made up with velvet or lace, or with fancy goods of various sorts. There are some very stylish striped camel's hair fabrics that are designed for use with plain goods.

Many new dresses have body, back draperies and sleeves of striped or fancy goods and the front and sides of the skirt of plain. The vest and fanciful cuffs may be of plain goods or of surah exactly matching in color.

While the general tendency is toward the employment of a single color or two colors in a suit, the addition of collar, revers and cuffs of an entirely different shade is permitted, and when the selection is harmonious and suits the wearers' complexion and style the effect is charming.

People who are versed in such matters know that in the special fashions brought out for the celebrated Grand Prix races in Paris are shadowed forth those of the coming season. This is especially the case in respect to millinery, which in Paris has a way of keeping ahead of the times. Spring flowers begin to bloom in the bonnets with the new year, and almost before the July roses are out in the parterres feathers begin to take the place of the artificial flora. Certainly feathers had the advantage over flowers at Longchamps the other day—not perhaps in point of absolute numbers, but so far as effect went. Most of the *chapeaux a sensation*—if I may so describe the ultra-fashionable hats—were surmounted by nodding plumes, generally chosen to match the general tone of the hat itself.

Black hats, trimmed with black feathers, were in much favor, and formed a pleasing contrast to the light or brilliant-colored costumes with which they were worn. In many cases they recalled the famed headgear of the Duchess of Devonshire, and the feathers were arranged against the crown in the same way.

Others, though wide-spreading in front, were cut off somewhat short at the back; while others again, broad in the brim and lower in the crown, were notched out and waved capriciously, so as to exhibit a portion of the under part of the brim, lined with white leghorn.

There were, however, no lack of colored plumes also, pale blue, primrose, maize, saffron, strawberry pink, light grey, and mauve for the most part, mounted on plain Leghorn, fancy Tuscan, and coloured straws, with plenty of ribbons and lining to match the feathers, and often also the toilette itself, the fashion of dressing in one color, from head to foot, having come in again.

Mauve, pale blue, maize and grey were particularly chosen for symphonies in one shade. Where the hat was of a darker tint of yellow, some semi-transparent fabric—white or cream—is used to palliate the rich hue of the robe.

A few of the large straw hats, decorated with straw-colored ribbons and feathers, were entirely covered with wide scarfs or veils of pale yellow tulle, twisted loosely round the throat and enveloping the face, head and bust. I saw pale blue hats treated the same way, but veils in this color are much less becoming, and still less so are the scarf veils in gauze, which give undue weight to an already overweighty head-gear.

There is certainly no reason to complain of the uniformity of the millinery this year for, side by side with huge hats, over which nod half a dozen ostrich tips, and those swathed in three yards of tulle, were to be seen the tiniest, prettiest little bonnets, peaked in the crown, and with the smallest closest fitting brims. Some of them were made entirely of flowers; others were in fancy straw or lace, edged with garlands of small blossoms, or merely bouillonnees of net, set off with a little plumes of cock feathers nodding over the front. They are worn without strings, and are so small that an inch of hair at least is visible above the ear.

On the other hand, strings are applied to a few of the medium sized hats of the cabriolet form, inclosing the face in a halo of some delicate hue, and on the outside of which creep long tendrils of ivy, secured by upright loops of ribbon of the faded tints dear to aesthetes.

What a contrast between these and the perky turban or Creole hats composed of puffed Surah (of a single brilliant hue, or a combination of two or more bright tints in checks or plaids) and a narrow rolled brim of coarse colored straw.

As for the costumes, they were equally various, no one color taking precedence over the others. There was certainly less heliotrope than of late, many shot fabrics, however, reproducing all the intermediate shades between peach blossom and plum color.

Foulards and cashmeres of that delightful pale flax blue, plain or figured with white, were among some of the simplest and prettiest.

A few of the most elegant occupants of the carriages were transformed into Dresden shepherdesses and Pompadour marquises by picturesque combinations of figured silk or mouseline de laine, tucked up over moire petticoats. Others wore heavy mellow Renaissance embroidery upon pink or lilac.

White cloth gowns were to be seen ornamented with bands of yellow and greenish gold, while many of the more sombre robes were lighted up with gold embroidered waistcoats.

Plaid and checked foulards provided effective toilettes in various and often harsh contrasts; there were dark blue Surahs strewn with large crimson spots, black and white checks, relieved by draperies of golden yellow; and most conspicuous of all some gowns of that new and vivid scarlet, to which the name of "cactus" has been very aptly applied.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT THE ART OF PACKING.

Very convenient trunks are made now for traveling where it is possible to take a good deal of luggage. Outside they look like an ordinary large dress basket; but on raising the lid the front of the box falls forward on a hinge, disclosing a series of drawers, so that everything can be kept in its proper place, and can be found in a moment without unpacking the other drawers at all.

Perhaps the most convenient form of luggage for travelling off the beaten track, is a collapsing Gladstone bag, as it can be either strapped up into a very small size, or expanded to its full dimensions, as required; and the handle on the top makes it very easy to lift about; but they are not good for dresses, and are consequently not much appreciated by ladies, unless a small trunk can be taken also.

In buying hand-bags, those with straight sides, and square both at top and bottom, should always be chosen. Those with sloping shoulders hold very little; you appear to be packing a great deal into them while open, but when you have finished, generally find they cannot be induced to shut.

One other injury is often done to railway and hotel servants by the proprietors of portmanteaux and hand bags,—a moral injury. I mean the temptation put in their way by leaving the bags unlocked. A porter who had been accused of stealing from a portmanteau (wrongfully, as it afterwards turned out), said to me not long ago: "People don't consider the way they tempt us poor men. Why, often and often I've put a bag down in a hurry, and my hand has just knocked against the spring, and the bag has flown open, and perhaps a lot of jewelry fallen out, and when there's nobody about to see, you can just as easy put it in your own pocket as back in the bag, and nobody would know who'd done it."

But to come to the actual packing it is hardly necessary to say, put the heavy things to the bottom, one's common sense would naturally suggest this, but some girls have an unhappy knack of nearly filling their trunks, and then discovering that they have not supplied themselves with any books or music; another reason for collecting all one's things together before beginning to pack.

Having arranged at the bottom of the trunk all the music and books, except time tables, guide books, and others which are in constant use, take care that the interstices between them are well filled up with small soft articles, such as stockings; not only does this economise space, but saves the books from injury. We all learnt at school that "nature abhors a vacuum," and a good packer will as far as possible follow the example of nature in this respect, for nothing injures books and other perishable articles, so much as having room to shake up and down, when porters throw the boxes about.

Next to books should come linen, which is heavy and will not injure by crushing: but, of course, if you are packing for a tour a little modification must be made, and articles required every day, whether heavy or light, must be put at the top of the box.

If you know beforehand that you have very little room, arrange the different articles of underclothing together, so you will know where to find an article of any kind you desire.

If it is a portmanteau which is being packed, or a box without a tray, collars and cuffs must be packed at the bottom with the linen. They are the easiest things possible to pack, though inexperienced travellers generally make them quite unwearable. They should be laid side by side lengthwise, between two articles of linen, say two night-dresses, and then, night-dresses and all rolled up; the collars will come out perfectly clean and uncrushed, and the night-dresses will be none the worse for being packed instead of rolled flat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRENGTHENING THE WALLS.—Many years ago, when the ramparts were being raised round Copenhagen, the wall always sank, so that it was not possible to get it to stand firm. They therefore took a little innocent girl, placed her in a chair by a table, and gave her playthings and sweetmeats. While she thus sat enjoying herself, twelve masons built an arch over her, which, when completed, they covered with earth to the sound of drums and trumpets. By this process the walls were made solid. When, a few years ago, the Bridge Gate of the Bremen city walls was demolished, the skeleton of a child was found embedded in the foundations. Heinrich Heine, the German poet, says on this subject: "In the Middle Ages the opinion prevailed that when any building was to be erected something living must be killed, in the blood of which the foundation had to be laid, by which process the building would be secured from failing."

He shall be immortal who liveth until he be stoned by one without fault.

Confidential Correspondents.

L. A. M. L.—The story was not and will not be printed in book-form.

NOBODY.—Send an addressed postal and we will furnish you with the name of a reliable house that you can communicate with on the subjects you inquire about.

HILDA.—"Ralph" is pronounced in two ways, "Rafe" and "Ralf;" both are right. What Shakspeare calls "Love in Idleness" is a kind of violet, the pansy, or wild heartsease, perhaps.

INQUIRER.—We never heard of the professor's Code of Laws. In what connection did you meet with the expression? If we knew this it might enable us to find out what you want to know.

W. P.—We do not see how you can do anything but give her up. You cannot compel the young lady to marry you against her will. We are sorry for your unrequited affection, but we can supply no prescription for softening her hard heart.

F. B.—Authors write upon paper cut into "slips" a little larger than note-paper; they only write on one side of each slip. We cannot possibly advise you relative to the style of work which you had better commence, as we know nothing of your particular taste, ability, etc.

J. K.—You have got along pretty well now for thirty-eight years as a bachelor, and seem very well satisfied with yourself, so we advise you not to change your condition until you are sure that you have found the right woman. It is risky thing not to fall in love until after marriage.

BAILY.—A carat of gold received its name from the carat seed, or seed of the Abyssinian coral flower. This was at one period made useful when gems of gold were to be weighed and so came about the peculiar and now general use of the word. Twenty-two carats fine means that out of twenty-four parts twenty-two are gold and all the rest alloy.

WORK.—Your habit of stammering may possibly be cured, but, in the event of failure, you are by no means debarred from earning your living. Many excellent men of business suffer from an impediment in the speech, but, as brains and industry, and not glibness, are needed in business, we cannot see what reason there is for keeping you in tiresome idleness.

T. J. K.—You can make saltpetre as you describe. Lixiviated means "washed," after a preliminary soaking or stewing. Wood-ashes are added to the liquor, which is allowed to settle, poured off from the sediment—which is thrown back on to the petre heap—and boiled down till it is strong enough to crystallise. Saltpetre would hardly pay to make in this way; it is one of the cheapest of chemicals.

D. R. F.—The italic words seen in the Bible, generally consist of the auxiliary verbs, as are, was, etc., which in the original are not written, but understood. In many of the ancient languages, as Greek, Hebrew and others, a large number of the minor words of a sentence are omitted; but as these omissions would sometimes give rise to obscurity, the translators have generally supplied them, and, for the sake of distinction, printed them in italics.

TIMES.—Gum-arabic comes from the tropical regions of the Soudan, Africa, where no little care is exercised in preparing it. It is usual to pick the material about a month after the rains are over—that is to say, in September. The gum is first dried and hardened, and then it is sent from the Soudan by one of two different routes. It either goes from Khartoum to Suez, which transport occupies three months, or it goes from Khartoum to Cairo down the Nile.

G. I. C.—You did nothing improper, either in giving your photograph, or in asking your friend's, but the young man has treated you so rudely that if ever you do meet again you should let him know what you think of his conduct, just for the sake of giving him a lesson in good manners. There is something very coarse in promiscuous kissing, and if a girl who permits it ever does come to sincerely love a man, and has any delicacy of feeling left, she is sure to regret that she did not keep her kisses more exclusively for him.

TOM.—Your fears and doubts seem to us a little overwrought. We quite agree with you that you are doing better work in the world by the course of action and of reading that you mention than you could possibly do by the alternative course your friends suggest for you. Let every man labor at his own vocation. All are not fitted for all things. Nor is distinctively religious work of the kind you describe the only work worth doing. Go on steadily in your own way, and you will find your doubts gradually disperse themselves. Brooding over them is the worst thing possible. A life of active usefulness and ordinary study of the sort you describe is by far the best antidote.

KEEPER.—The wearing of rings originated no doubt in the universal desire of savage humanity for personal decorations on every practicable part of the body. Unsophisticated man, and to a still greater degree unsophisticated woman, adorn their fingers with rings, their wrists with bracelets, their forearms with armlets, their necks with torques, collars, and necklets, their waists with girdles, belts, or cinglets, their ankles with anklets, and their ears and noses with ear-rings and nose-rings respectively. With increased civilization and fuller clothing, most of these peculiar adornments disappear; finger-rings, bracelets, ear-rings, and necklets survive however to the present day in our own society.

MARION S.—Judging from much observation, we should be inclined to think that your husband did not really suppose you guilty of the terrible things which he said to your charge. You speak quite fairly when you hint that your own temper was somewhat at fault. For two years you lived in the same house with the man and never spoke to him; you expressed contempt for him, and no doubt, by your fluent sarcasms, made home unhappy. Men of his temper say things in moments of passion which they would not dream of in quiet moods. You cannot break the bond of marriage; you cannot prove anything against your husband excepting bad temper, which you admit having caused by your own coldness and sarcasm. Make the best of a bad affair, and invite your husband to return home. If people only knew what an awful undertaking marriage really is, there would be no such ill-assorted matches as yours; but, when once the irrevocable step is taken, the two parties to the contract should refuse to recognise an error (if any error there be), and should resolutely set themselves to make life as pleasant as possible.